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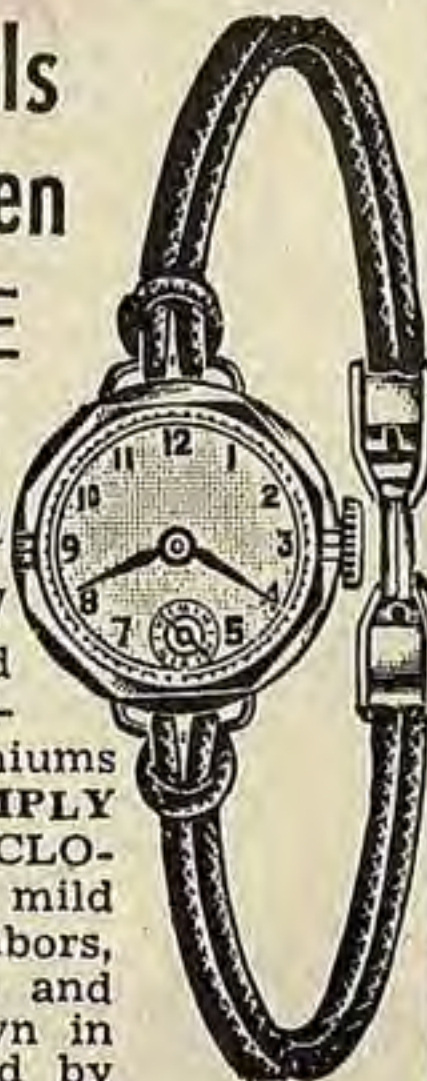
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The HAUNT of the HYENA

IT WAS JUST A DEAD ANIMAL... A MUSTY TROPHY HIDDEN IN THE GLOOM OF A MYSTERIOUS MANOR! BUT ITS EYES HELD A GLEAM THAT HINTED OF MIDNIGHTS BRIMMING WITH TERROR... WHEN CREATURES THAT WERE NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST SCUTTLED THROUGH *The HAUNT of the HYENA!*



IT'S WONDERFUL TO LEARN YOU'VE INHERITED A HOUSE, BRUCE... BUT I CERTAINLY WISH THE SURROUNDINGS WEREN'T SO GLOOMY!

YEP... AND ONLY YESTERDAY YOU WERE WONDERING WHERE WE'D LIVE AFTER WE GET MARRIED! I THINK IT'S PURE LUCK THAT A COUNTRY LAWYER HAPPENED TO SEARCH THROUGH SOME OLD DEEDS... AND FOUND I'M THE ONLY DESCENDANT OF JOHN ANDREWS!



AND WHAT ELSE DID THE LAWYER FIND? YOU HAVEN'T MENTIONED IT, BRUCE... BUT I GOT A GLIMPSE OF HIS LETTER! **JOHN ANDREWS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO...** AND NO ONE'S GONE NEAR THE MANOR SINCE!

THAT OLD WOMAN LOOKS AS THOUGH SHE'S LIVED AROUND HERE FOR YEARS, NORMA! SHE SHOULD KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE OLD HOUSE!





YOU'RE GOING UP TO THE MANOR, EH? NOW THERE'LL BE LIGHTS IN THE WINDOWS AND FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN... BUT IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD... IT WON'T GET RID OF **THEM!**

THEM?... I THOUGHT THE PLACE WAS **EMPTY!** HAVE YOU SEEN ANYONE UP THERE?



WAIT... **YOU'LL SEE 'EM!** STRIPED THINGS WITH STARING EYES... AND BRISTLING HAIR ON THEIR HIDEOUS HEADS!



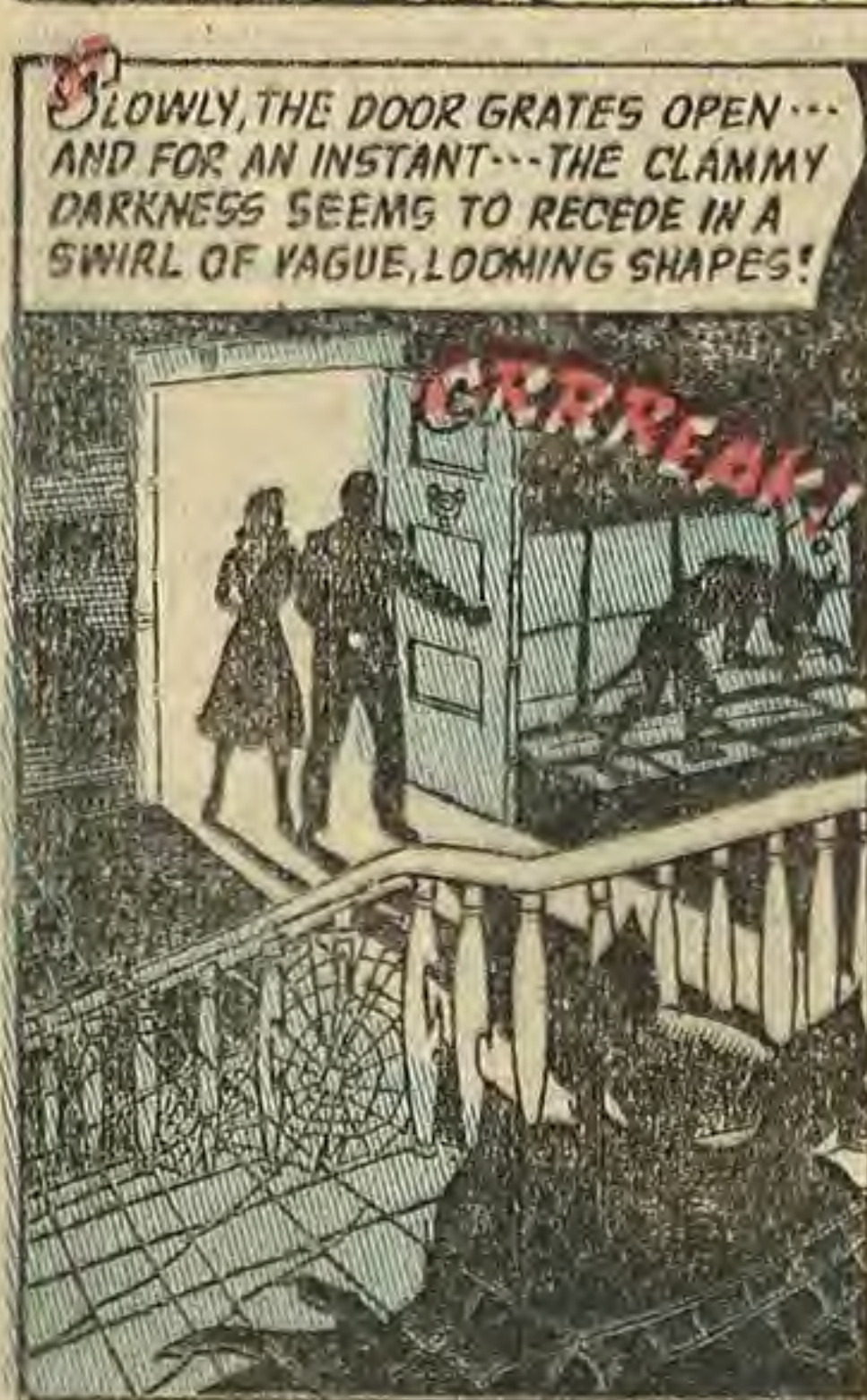
SLOWLY, THE SHRILLING OF THE CRICKETS FADES AWAY... AND IN A SPOT THAT SEEMS FOREVER DUSK...

OKAY, HONEY... **HERE IT IS!**



BRUCE, I KNOW IT'LL SOUND SILLY... BUT AFTER WHAT THAT OLD WOMAN SAID... DO YOU SUPPOSE THE PLACE IS REALLY **HAUNTED?**

THERE'S JUST ONE THING THAT'S HAUNTING **ME**, HONEY... AND THAT'S FINDING A HOUSE! WELL, WE'VE **GOT ONE**... AND NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP ME FROM LOOKING IT OVER!



SLOWLY, THE DOOR GRATES OPEN... AND FOR AN INSTANT... THE CLAMMY DARKNESS SEEMS TO RECEDE IN A SWIRL OF VAGUE, LOOMING SHAPES!

CRASH!



BRUCE... **WHAT'S THAT?**



HEAVENS... IT'S NOTHING BUT A STUFFED ANIMAL!

RIGHT... A **HYENA!** THAT'S WHAT THE OLD WOMAN WAS TALKING ABOUT, NORMA... A HARMLESS HUNTING TROPHY THAT HEARSAY AND SUPERSTITION HAVE TURNED INTO A HAUNTING BAND OF GHOULS WITH STRIPED BODIES!

BRUCE, MAYBE IT **WILL** BE ALL RIGHT TO LIVE IN ANDREWS MANOR AFTER WE'RE MARRIED... BUT FOR GOODNESS SAKE, LET'S GET RID OF **THAT!**

OKAY...WE'LL CART IT AROUND TO RYAN'S CURIO SHOP! THAT PLACE SELLS JUST ABOUT **ANYTHING**...MAYBE THEY CAN GET RID OF IT FOR US!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

LOOK, RYAN...I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO **BUY** THIS HYENA...SO WHY BE CHOOSY?

YOU KNOW WHAT A HYENA EATS, DON'T YOU? SURE, IT'S **DEAD**... BUT I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF HAVING AN ANIMAL AROUND THAT MAYBE PAWED OPEN A FEW GRAVES BACK IN AFRICA! BUT I'LL DO YOU A FAVOR, BRUCE...YOU CAN LEAVE IT HERE!

CURIO SHOP

THAT NIGHT...AT BRUCE'S APARTMENT...

NORMA...YOU'RE JUMPY AS A STEEPLECHASE! YOU STILL GOT THAT HYENA ON YOUR MIND...OR WHAT?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT...I'M **SURE** I SAW SOMETHING PROWL TOWARD THE WINDOW...A HUNCHED FIGURE WITH A STRANGE WHITE FACE!

BRUCE...I HEARD IT! IT SPOKE...IT SPOKE!

FOR THE LOVE OF PETE, RYAN...PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! WHAT SPOKE?

"MIDNIGHT IS COMING," IT SAID! "MIDNIGHT IS COMING"...JUST LIKE THAT!

HE'S TOO CRAZED WITH FEAR TO GIVE A LUCID EXPLANATION, BRUCE... BUT I KNOW WHAT SPOKE! **THE HYENA!**

WHATEVER IT WAS...MIDNIGHT'S JUST TWENTY MINUTES OFF! LET'S GO TO THE SHOP...AND SETTLE THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL!

SOON AFTERWARD...

I...I DON'T WANT TO SOUND CHILDISH, DARLING...BUT SUPPOSE WE FIND OURSELVES UP AGAINST SOMETHING UNEXPECTED...SOMETHING **HIDEOUS**?

THEN MAYBE WE'LL GET THE ANSWER TO A LOT OF THINGS...INCLUDING THE **DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN ANDREWS!** BUT I STILL THINK THE WHOLE THING'S STRICTLY FROM NERVES...SO TAKE A SEAT AND TRY TO KEEP A GRIP ON YOURS!



SLOWLY, THE MINUTES DRAG ON...AND SLOWLY... BRUCE BEGINS TO WONDER! IS THAT THE DIM LIGHT REFLECTED IN THE HYENA'S EYES...OR IS IT THE EYES?

YEP, THEY ALMOST SEEM TO BE GLINTING WITH AN UNCANNY HINT OF SOMETHING ALIVE... SOMETHING WAITING!



Then...AT THE THUDDING STROKE OF TWELVE...

BRUCE...THE MUMMY CASE! LOOK...LOOK...IT'S OPENING!



CLUNG WITH TATTERED BURIAL WINDINGS AND THE MUSTY RANKNESS OF A FORGOTTEN TOMB...

GOOD LORD! IT CAN'T MOVE...NOT AFTER THOUSANDS OF YEARS!



IT WASN'T THE HYENA RYAN HEARD...IT WAS THAT THING...MUTTERING FROM ITS TOMB!

I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT...NOW! THE MUMMY'S HOBBLING TOWARD THE HYENA...AND INCH BY INCH...THE HYENA'S TURNING ITS HEAD!



Then...IN A FLASH THAT RIPS THE DUSTY GLOOM...

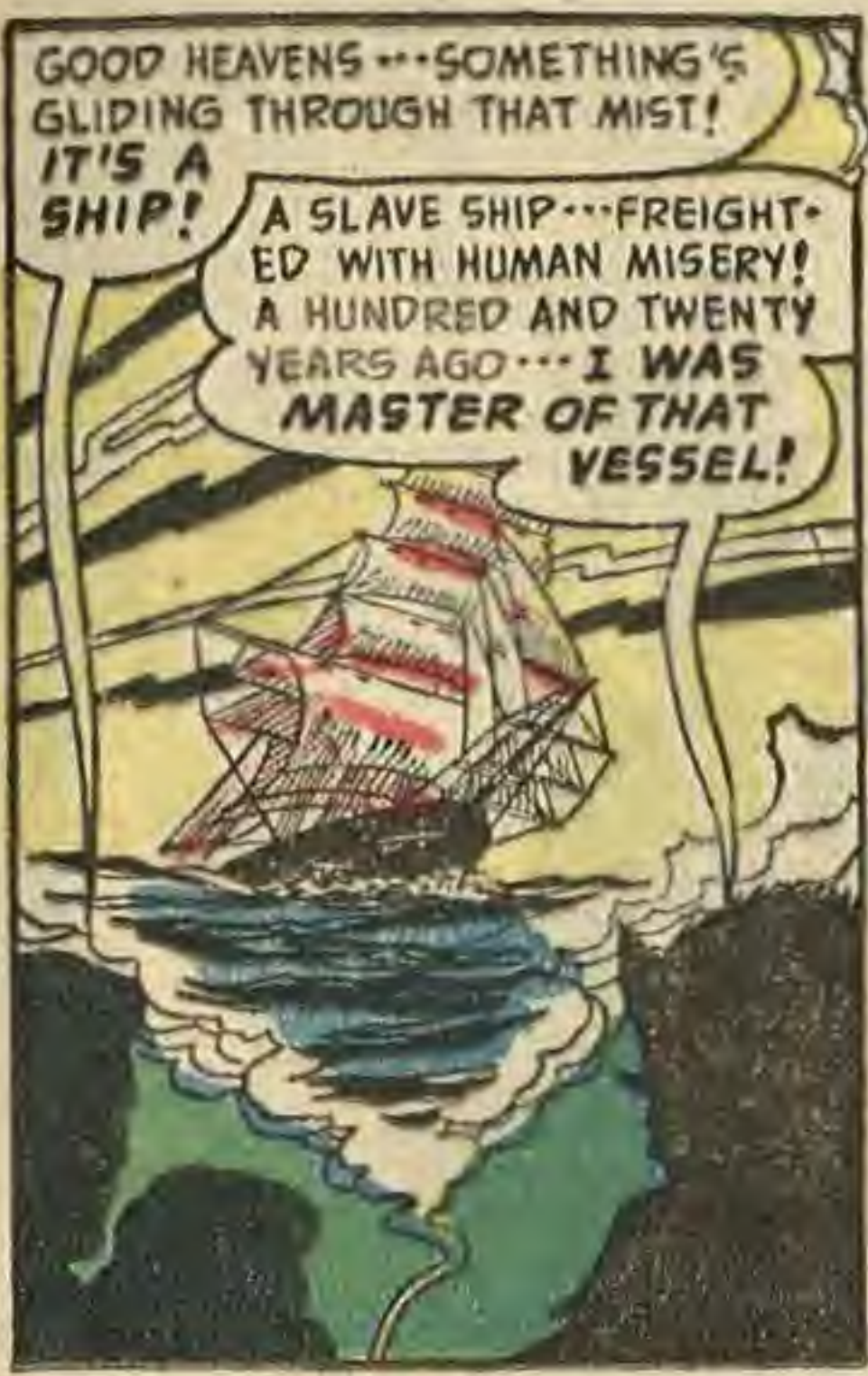


GREAT GUNS! THE MUMMY'S VANISHED... JUST AS IF THAT THING ABSORBED IT! AND LOOK WHAT THE HYENA'S BECOME!

HA-HA! THAT IS WHAT HAPPENS TO ANY CORPSE I AM AROUND AT MIDNIGHT! THAT IS WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BODY OF JOHN ANDREWS...AFTER I KILLED HIM SO THAT HIS ISOLATED MANOR COULD BECOME THE HAUNT OF THE HYENA!

A CREEP LIKE YOU MUST HAVE BEEN EVIL TO START WITH... BUT YOU COULDN'T HAVE LOOKED LIKE THAT!

YES, SOMETHING CHANGED ME...FROM A HUMAN TO A CREATURE THAT PREYS ON THE DEAD! WATCH...YOU'LL SEE HOW IT HAPPENED... IN A VISION THAT PROBES THE MURKY SECRETS OF THE PAST!



GOOD HEAVENS...SOMETHING'S GLIDING THROUGH THAT MIST! IT'S A SHIP!

A SLAVE SHIP...FREIGHTED WITH HUMAN MISERY! A HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS AGO...I WAS MASTER OF THAT VESSEL!



AMONG MY CAPTIVES WAS A WITCH DOCTOR...AND ONE NIGHT...I WATCHED AS HE BROUGHT OUT A MAGIC POWDER!

MY TRIBE HAS GUARDED THIS MAGIC FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS...WE HAVE SAVED IT FOR THE DAY WHEN OUR PEOPLE FACE DOOM FROM THEIR ENEMIES! THAT DAY HAS COME!



FOR WEEKS DURING OUR LONG VOYAGE, I HAVE TRIED TO SUMMON UP COURAGE FOR THE ORDEAL! NOW I AM READY TO TAKE THE MAGIC POWDER...AND SET YOU FREE! THE SWORDS AND GUNS OF THE CREW WILL BE USELESS...THEY WILL DIE WITH AN IMAGE OF HORROR GLAZING THEIR EYES! BEHOLD...I WILL CHANGE INTO A THING SUCH AS THE WORLD HAS NEVER SEEN...A BEING NO HUMAN CAN KILL!



IT SOUNDED LIKE NONSENSE...BUT IT WOULD BE WORTH A BULLET TO FIND OUT!

IF THE POWDER'S THAT GOOD...IT ISN'T GOING TO BE WASTED ON A HEATHEN DOG LIKE YOU!

AAAGH!

BANG!



SLIPPING INTO MY CABIN, I DECIDED TO MAKE A TEST! I SWALLOWED THE POWDER...AND FELT A SURGE OF EVIL LIKE LIQUID FIRE...

AHH! CHANGING... CHANGING!

GREAT HORN SPOON... THAT'S NO MAN...IT'S A DEMON OF EVIL!



THESE MEN WHO RECOILED IN WHITEFACED TERROR HAD BEEN MY SHIPMATES ON A DANGEROUS VOYAGE...MY ACCOMPLICES IN ILLEGAL SLAVE TRADING...BUT NOW THEY WERE HUMANS! HUMANS WHO MUST BE DESTROYED BEFORE THE SHIP MADE PORT...BEFORE THEY REVEALED THE SECRET OF MY GRISLY TRANSFORMATION!



I WAITED UNTIL WE REACHED MAGNOLIA SWAMP...A TIDAL MARSH NOT FAR FROM HERE...AND THEN OPENED THE SEA VALVE!

HELP! HELP!

HAA! WRECKAGE... BODIES...IT'LL ALL BE SWALLOWED UP BY THE SWAMP... FOREVER!

THOSE POOR DEVILS HAD **ONE** THING TO BE THANKFUL FOR! THEY DIED...BUT AT LEAST YOU COULDN'T CLAIM THEIR **BODIES!**

I'VE HAD NO LACK OF VICTIMS! YOU AND THE GIRL WILL KNOW **THAT** AFTER I'VE KILLED YOU ---AND YOUR **BODIES FUSE WITH MINE TOMORROW MIDNIGHT!**

COME ON, NORMA...LET'S GET OUT OF HERE...FAST!



LET THEM **TRY** TO ESCAPE! THAT WILL GIVE THEM **ANOTHER** PROOF OF MY POWERS...WHEN MY DEMONS TRACK THEM DOWN...**NO MATTER HOW FAR THEY GO!**



BRUCE...IT'S HOPELESS! TIME AND DISTANCE MEAN NOTHING TO A FIEND LIKE **THAT!**

MAYBE NOT! BUT THE HYENA WON'T BE SO INTERESTED IN PREY IF HE'S FORCED TO FIND A NEW REFUGE...**AFTER WE'VE BURNED DOWN ANDREWS MANOR!**



HOURS LATER...IN A HALL MANTLED BY THE GREY PALL OF DAWN...

WE **SHOULD** HAVE DESTROYED THIS PLACE THE **FIRST** TIME, BRUCE! **NOW** I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'RE TOO LATE...**THAT WE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME IN!**

HATE TO SAY YOU'RE RIGHT, HONEY...BUT DO YOU HEAR **THAT?** THERE'S A STRANGE NOISE IN THE CORRIDOR...

LIKE SCUTTling FOOT-STEPs!



Then...THE DOORWAY FRAMES THE SHAPE OF HORROR!

STRIPED THINGS...WITH STARING EYES! GOOD HEAVENS...WHY DIDN'T I REMEMBER?



YOU CAN MAKE IT, NORMA! GET OUT...FAST!

HAA HA HA!





THE HYENA!

THERE'S **ONE** TIME I ALWAYS RESPOND TO THE THOUGHT WAVES SENT OUT BY MY FIENDS...**AND THAT'S WHEN THEY'VE FOUND PREY!**



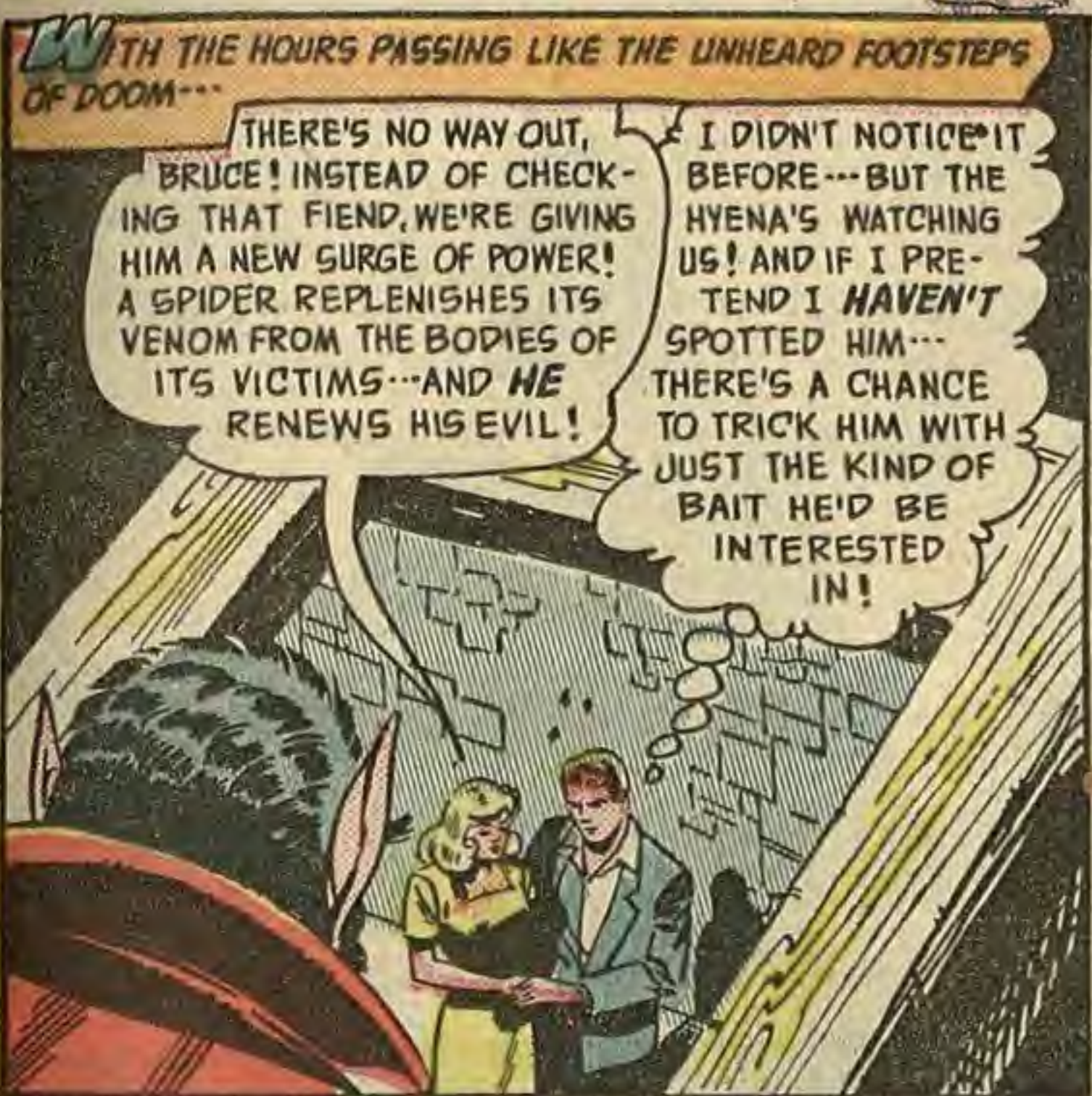
ONLY THE BLACK MAGIC OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLES COULD SPAWN THINGS LIKE **THEM!** THE POWDER I TOOK WAS MADE FROM THE CHARRED BONES OF THE ARCH-FIEND WHO ONCE CONTROLLED THEM...AND NOW **MINE** IS THE WILL THEY OBEY!



IN A VAULT BURDENED WITH THE GHOSTLY TERROR OF PAST VICTIMS...

TAKE MY ADVICE, FREAK...AND KILL US **NOW**...BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING TO BE CONTENT WITH **ESCAPING!** AS LONG AS I'M ALIVE...**I'LL BE REACHING FOR A WAY TO END YOUR SLIMY CAREER!**

AHA, NO...YOU CAN'T TAUNT ME INTO TAKING YOUR LIVES **YET!** WAIT UNTIL **MID-NIGHT**...WHEN YOUR LIFELESS BODIES BECOME PART OF **MINE!**



WITH THE HOURS PASSING LIKE THE UNHEARD FOOTSTEPS OF DOOM...

THERE'S NO WAY OUT, BRUCE! INSTEAD OF CHECKING THAT FIEND, WE'RE GIVING HIM A NEW SURGE OF POWER! A SPIDER REPLENISHES ITS VENOM FROM THE BODIES OF ITS VICTIMS...AND **HE** RENEWS HIS EVIL!

I DIDN'T NOTICE IT BEFORE...BUT THE HYENA'S WATCHING US! AND IF I PRETEND I **HAVEN'T** SPOTTED HIM...THERE'S A CHANCE TO TRICK HIM WITH JUST THE KIND OF BAIT HE'D BE INTERESTED IN!



YEP...**TWO** NEW VICTIMS ARE BAD ENOUGH, NORMA! BUT IT'S A GOOD THING THE HYENA DOESN'T KNOW THAT NEARLY A HUNDRED PEOPLE WERE JUST KILLED BY A CYCLONE...FORTY MILES FROM HERE! THINK OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE REACHED **THERE** IN A COFFIN...DISGUISED AS A CORPSE! SCORES OF DEAD...AND AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT...**THEY'D BELONG TO HIM!**



MINUTES LATER...

NOW I KNOW WHAT THOSE SCUTTling FOOTSTEPS MEAN...**THE FIENDS!** BRUCE, THERE'S OVER AN HOUR TO GO BEFORE MIDNIGHT...THEY **CAN'T** BE COMING FOR **US!**

KEEP YOUR HEAD, HONEY...**THEY'RE CARRYING A COFFIN!** THE HYENA'S READY TO PULL A FAST ONE...AND I'LL HAVE TO PUT ON A CONVINCING ACT TO LURE HIM **ALONG!**



GOOD LORD...THE HYENA! HE'S LISTENED, NORMA...**HE'S LEARNED ABOUT THOSE CYCLONE VICTIMS!**

TWO VICTIMS CAN WAIT...WHEN A **HUNDRED** ARE READY TO BE CLAIMED! **YOU** WILL DRIVE ME THERE...AND REMEMBER THAT MY FIENDS CAN BE SUMMONED IN A SECOND! AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A TRICK...YOU'LL KNOW THE KIND OF AGONY THAT WOULD MAKE DEATH A **BOON!**



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The **MAN-FISH**

66

I'M SURE SORRY you didn't come out to Vancouver before that earthquake last week, professor," Seth Cardwell said. "There don't seem to be any fish at all left in these here waters... they all must've been scared away by that quake...or by *somethin'!*"

Professor Roscoe Purcell smiled at his Canadian fishing guide. "Well, it's not your fault, Seth. But I won't let the lack of fish ruin my vacation...*wait...* look over there! That cloud of seagulls over on our starboard side...there must be literally *thousands* of them there! And what could attract so many at one time... except *fish?*"

Seth squinted over in the direction the professor had indicated, and whistled in surprise. "Whew, I've never seen as many as *that* in one place before! They all seem to be swoopin' and settlin' over the Blakiston Shoals...could be a dead whale got washed up there, an' them gulls are feedin' on his carcass. Let's find out!"

Seth gave the small outboard motor full throttle, and the motorboat cut through the waters of Queen Charlotte Strait off Vancouver Island. Before long, they came close enough to the shoals to make out an enormous, 90-foot long and 12-foot high mass of *something* caught on the shoals. But what that something was, they couldn't tell...for practically every square inch of it was covered by screaming, feeding seagulls.

"I'll choke the engine an' make it backfire," Seth said. "The noise ought to scare them gulls an' make 'em take wing so we ~~can~~ see what kind o' whale it is."

Moments later, as the loud, staccato bangs made the gulls take to the air in alarm, Professor Purcell gasped in incredulity. "Great Scott...it's not a whale...it...it's a *monstrous man-fish!*"

And there, before their astonished eyes, was a gigantic creature half submerged in water and half hung up on the

jagged shoals...a creature whose skin was sea-green, whose head and torso was that of a man, but whose lower body was nothing but the monstrous fin of a fish!

"It...it must've been killed by that earthquake," Seth murmured in awe, "an' the body floated up to the surface, to be caught on the shoals!"

"Quick, Seth," the professor said in a frenzy of excitement. "Pull up alongside it! This is the greatest discovery of the age...I'll take some cuttings of its skin to examine under the microscope... and then we'll head back to the nearest maritime station and radio for a cutter to tow the creature into port before the gulls devour it entirely!"

Reluctantly, Seth obeyed, feeling a strange apprehension about approaching so close to a being that obviously belonged in the dark, mysterious and boundless depths of the oceans. And so it was that Seth didn't watch the professor climbing onto the slippery, slimy carcass...for somehow Seth felt sure that the boundless deeps would claim their own. And moments later, as Seth sighted the monstrous head breaking the surface of the water a few hundred yards away, he let out a yell that could have woken the dead: "Look out, Professor...here comes another one...a *LIVE* one!"

From his perch atop the chest of the dead creature, the professor glanced up in alarm...and saw the monstrous, green *woman-fish* cutting through the water at incredible speed toward him. "It...it must be his mate," gasped the professor, sliding down the carcass and leaping into the boat.

The boat got away none too soon...for moments later, the dead carcass of the creature from the depths was being pulled off the shoals and into deeper water, disappearing at last from sight of Seth and the professor, who had only a small cutting of man-fish flesh as evidence that it had all been more than just an hallucination.

IF THE TIME EVER COMES WHEN YOU HEAR THE SOFT, STEALTHY PAD OF SKULKING CREATURES STALKING YOU IN THE FOREST OF THE NIGHT... IF THE POUNDING OF YOUR OWN TERRIFIED HEART FAILS TO DROWN OUT THE EERIE HOWLS OF A WOLF-PACK ABOUT TO POUNCE ON ITS PREY... THEN YOU'LL KNOW YOU'VE PROBABLY STUMBLERD ON...



IN THE COUNTY LAND OFFICE, DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS...

THAT'S THE TRACT OF LAND I'M INTERESTED IN, THAT VALLEY RIGHT HERE ON THIS AERIAL SURVEY MAP! WHEN I FLEW OVER IT, I COULD SEE IT'S GOT THE FINEST STAND OF VIRGIN TIMBER THIS SIDE OF THE ROCKIES... WHO OWNS THAT LAND?

THAT? WHY THAT'S KNOWN AS WEREWOLF VALLEY! NO-BODY OWNS IT...OR WANTS IT!



WHAT...UNCLAIMED LAND? WHY, THIS'LL BE THE GREATEST LEGAL STEAL OF THE CENTURY... I WON'T HAVE TO PAY A CENT FOR THE RIGHT TO STRIP THAT HOLLOW BARE OF EVERY SINGLE TREE! WITH LUMBER AT SKY-HIGH PRICES TO-DAY, IT'LL BRING IN A FORTUNE... AND THEY'LL SOON START CALLING ME DUKE MASTERS, THE LUMBER BARON!

NO...WAIT... YOU MUSTN'T CUT DOWN THE TREES IN WEREWOLF VALLEY!



YOU SEE, IN THE OLD DAYS, THE EARLY COLONISTS SET ASIDE A TRACT OF LAND FOR WHATEVER EVIL SPIRITS USED TO PLAGUE THEM! THEY SET ASIDE THIS TRACT FOR WEREWOLVES! THE IDEA WAS THAT WITH THEIR OWN LAND TO LIVE ON, THEY WOULDN'T BOTHER THE REST OF THE COMMUNITY!



NO HUMAN HAS SET FOOT IN THE VALLEY SINCE THEN...AND YOU COULDN'T GET ANY OF THE LOCAL MEN TO CUT TIMBER THERE, BECAUSE IT WOULD DRIVE THE WEREWOLVES OUT AND RELEASE THEM TO PREY ON THE COUNTRYSIDE!



WEREWOLVES...WHAT BUNK! IF THE HILL-BILLIES ARE THAT SUPERSTITIOUS, I'LL IMPORT A CREW OF CITY ROUGHNECKS! WE'LL BE ARMED, SO PASS THE WORD ALONG THAT NO ONE BETTER TRY TO STOP US!

A WEEK LATER, ON THE ROAD TO WERE-WOLF VALLEY...

DON'T LET 'EM PASS! KEEP 'EM OUT OF THE VALLEY!

DON'T STOP!..DRIVE RIGHT THROUGH THEIR RANKS! THEY CAN EITHER JUMP... OR COMMIT SUICIDE!



HAW!..LOOK AT THEM RABBITS JUMP!

OUT OF OUR WAY, YUH HILLBILLIES!



AN HOUR LATER...

WE PROBABLY HAVE TO TURN OFF THIS ROAD AT SOME POINT TO GET DOWN TO THE VALLEY... BUT THE QUESTION IS... WHERE?



LOOK, BOSS... THAT GAL WASN'T THERE A SECOND AGO!

SHE MUST'VE BEEN WALKING IN THE WOODS...WHICH MEANS SHE KNOWS HER WAY AROUND THESE PARTS! PULL UP...MAYBE SHE CAN TELL US THE WAY TO WEREWOLF VALLEY!





WEREWOLF VALLEY? I WAS JUST GOING THERE MYSELF... I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY!

SWELL, HOP IN... AND TELL ME WHO YOU ARE AND HOW COME YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF THOSE WEREWOLF SUPERSTITIONS!



MY NAME IS MARTA... AND THOSE OLD LEGENDS AREN'T SUPERSTITIONS... THEY'RE TRUE! BUT I'M NOT AFRAID OF WEREWOLVES... THEY KNOW THAT IF THEY PREYED ON HUMANS IN THIS MODERN AGE, THEY'D BE WIPED OUT BY THE POLICE AND THE NATIONAL GUARD, IF NECESSARY! SO THEY DON'T BOTHER PEOPLE... AS LONG AS THEY HAVE THEIR OWN TRACT OF LAND TO LIVE ON!

SHE'S A PRETTY LITTLE CRACKPOT!



FINALLY... THIS IS IT... THE EDGE OF WEREWOLF VALLEY!

GOOD! WE'LL MAKE CAMP HERE, MIKE... TELL THE MEN TO PILE OUT AND START CUTTING TIMBER!



COULD... COULD I STAY HERE... IF I HELP OUT WITH THE COOKING?

THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO SUGGEST, HONEY! JUST DON'T DISTRACT THE MEN WHILE THEY'RE WORKING!



BETTER THAT NIGHT... NO WONDER YOU'RE FOREMAN, MIKE... YOU'RE SO BIG... AND STRONG!

AND YOU'RE A MIGHTY KEEN-LOOKIN' BABE! ER... WHAT SAY WE TAKE A LITTLE WALK... AWAY FROM THE REST?



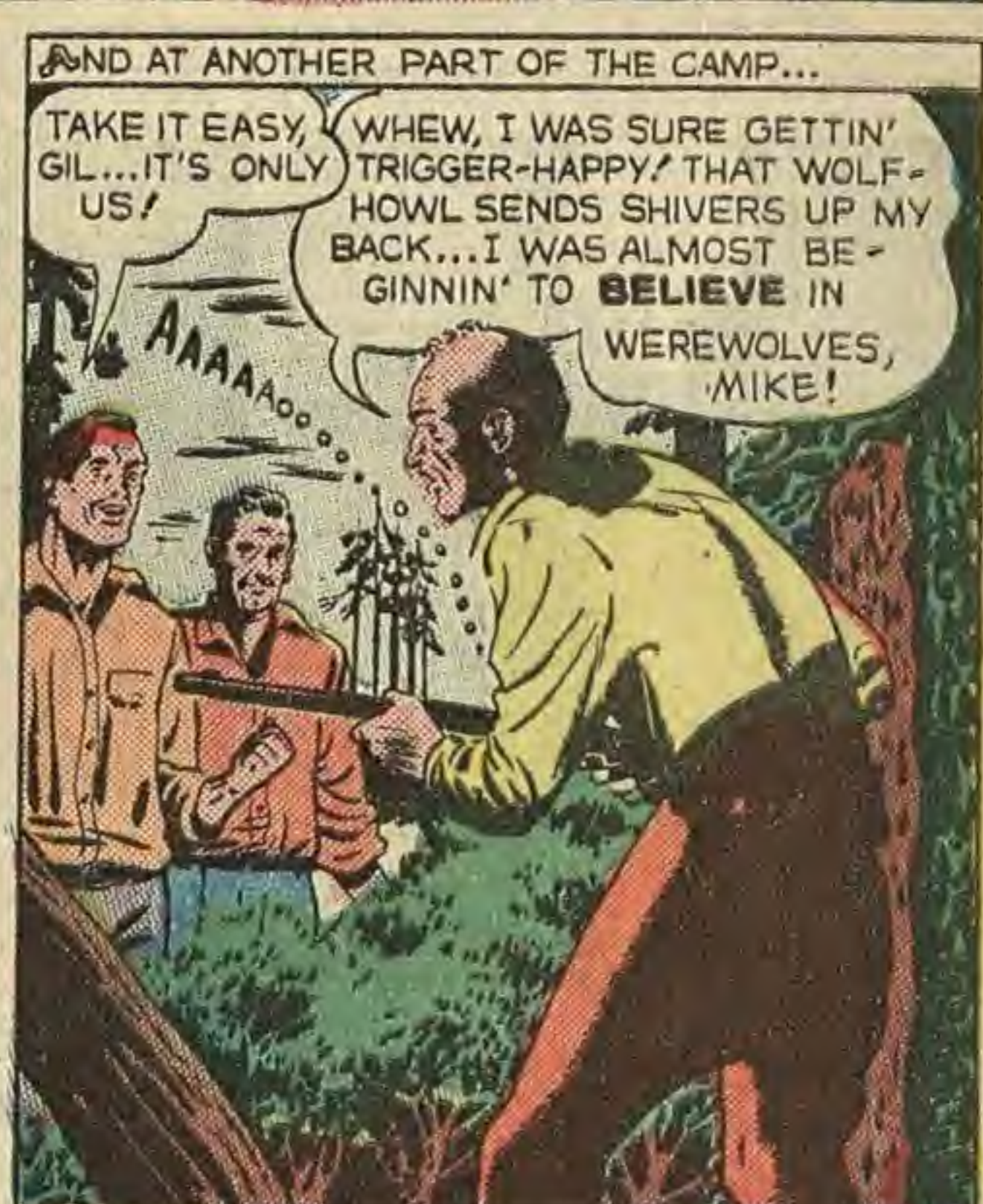
IN THE SHADOWED STILLNESS... HEY, EASY! YER... DIGGIN' YER NAILS INTO ME!



GARRGH!

WHA!





SORRY, SISTER, I'VE GOT NO TIME FOR ROMANCING...I'VE GOT TO GO OUT AND SUPERVISE THE LOGGING CREWS! MONEY IS ALL I'LL HAVE ON MY MIND UNTIL THIS WHOLE VALLEY IS STRIPPED OF EVERY TREE!

THEN I...I'LL HELP! I'LL GO AROUND BRINGING HOT COFFEE TO THE CREWS IN THE FIELD...IT SHOULD MAKE THEM WORK HARDER!



KNOCK OF A COUPLA MINUTES FOR A QUICK SLUG OF JAVA, YOU LUGS!

COFFEE, BOYS?

AND AS THEY DRINK, UNAWARE...



MMM, SURE IS GOOD!

AND THEN...



GGAHRR!
GARRRR

MINUTES LATER...IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST...



COFFEE, BOYS?

AND SO...ON THROUGH THE DAY! THEN, AS NIGHT FALLS...



AH, HERE THEY COME! MIKE SURE HAD 'EM OUT WORKING LATE...TILL AFTER DARK! AT THIS RATE, I'LL HAVE THE WHOLE VALLEY STRIPPED OF TREES IN RECORD TIME!

BUT WITH THE MEN...



EH? WHAT'D YOU DO... FIND A TAME WOLF, BOYS?

SUDDENLY...



OKAY, I'M CONVINCED! SO YOU ARE A WEREWOLF... BUT YOU CAN'T HOPE TO STOP OVER A HUNDRED MEN ALL BY YOURSELF!... **GRAB HER, BOYS... BEFORE SHE CAN CHANGE BACK INTO A WOLF!**



INSTANTLY, THROUGHOUT THE CIRCLE OF MEN...

GOOD GRIEF!

IT...IT'S UNBELIEVABLE...BUT TRUE! THEY...THEY'VE CHANGED INTO A PACK OF SNARLING WOLVES...THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON ME! IF I CAN ONLY GET TO MY RIFLE IN TIME...



MINUTES LATER, AS THE WOLF-PACK BOUNDS OFF INTO THE FOREST, A TORN AND UNRECOGNIZABLE BODY IS LEFT BEHIND AS MUTE, GRISLY EVIDENCE THAT SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA, A SMALL POCKET OF LAND WILL CONTINUE TO EXIST AS IT ALWAYS HAS...AS **WEREWOLF VALLEY!**



THE END

GHOSTS of HISTORY

NAPOLEON and the CRIMSON SPIRIT

SURELY THE WEIRDEST SPECTER IN ALL ALLEGED HISTORY IS THE **CRIMSON SPIRIT**, WHO IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE GIVEN NAPOLEON BONAPARTE ALL HIS SUPERHUMAN ABILITIES AND POWERS-- AND WHO EVENTUALLY STRIPPED THOSE POWERS FROM THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND LEFT HIM AS WEAK AND HELPLESS AS ANY ORDINARY MORTAL!

IN JULY, 1798, WHEN NAPOLEON WAS MARCHING ON CAIRO IN HIS GRANDIOSE SCHEME TO CONQUER ALL EGYPT...

I WILL SUBDUCE THE ENTIRE COUNTRY IN THREE WEEKS! **NOTHING** CAN STOP ME NOW-- THE **ENTIRE WORLD** WILL BE MINE!

SUDDENLY... A TERRIBLE APPARITION FROM OUT OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN!

MON DIEU--THE... THE **CRIMSON SPIRIT**!

I WARN YOU, NAPOLEON OF CORSICA-- STOP USING YOUR GREAT POWERS FOR EVIL ENDS-- SEEK **PEACE** INSTEAD OF CONQUEST! WITHDRAW FROM EGYPT-- OR I WILL SEE THAT YOU ARE **DEFEATED**!

YOUR THREATS ARE IDLE! I AM THE MASTER OF MY DESTINY-- AND I SAY THERE IS NO FORCE IN EGYPT THAT CAN DEFEAT ME!

NAPOLEON WAS RIGHT... FOR HE **DID** CONQUER EGYPT IN THREE WEEKS! BUT THE **CRIMSON SPIRIT** WAS ALSO RIGHT-- FOR ON AGUST 1ST, ADMIRAL NELSON DEFEATED THE FRENCH FLEET AT ABOUKIR, DEALING A DEATHBLOW TO NAPOLEON'S HOPES!

SACRÉ BLEU! THE ENGLISH SINK US ONE BY ONE-- AND WITHOUT THE FLEET TO PROTECT HIS SUPPLIES, NAPOLEON WILL HAVE TO FLEE FROM EGYPT!

YOU WIN **THIS** TIME, CRIMSON SPIRIT! I MUST WITHDRAW FROM EGYPT!-- BUT I **STILL** SAY I WILL CONQUER THE WORLD!



FOR ELEVEN YEARS, NAPOLEON FOLLOWED HIS MASTERFUL PLAN FOR THE CONQUEST OF EUROPE-- BUT THEN, ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF WAGRAM, IN 1809...



YOU AGAIN!

HEED MY WARNING, NAPOLEON! CEASE YOUR WARMAKING AND BRING PEACE TO EUROPE, OR I WILL WITHDRAW THE POWERS I ONCE GRANTED YOU-- POWERS THAT MADE YOU THE **GREATEST MAN IN THE WORLD!**

I... I CAN'T AFFORD TO DEFEY THE SPIRIT THIS TIME-- IF IT CAUSED MY DEFEAT IN EGYPT, IT CAN DEFEAT ME HERE IN AUSTRIA!



BUT ALL I AM TRYING TO DO IS BRING PEACE TO EUROPE! IF NOT FOR MY ARMIES, ALL THE NATIONS OF EUROPE WOULD BE BATTLING EACH OTHER IN CEASELESS WARFARE! GIVE ME BUT FOUR YEARS-- AND I ASSURE YOU I WILL BRING EVERLASTING PEACE TO THE CONTINENT!

VERY WELL-- I WILL GIVE YOU THIS LAST CHANCE! I WILL RETURN AGAIN ON JANUARY 11TH, 1814!



BUT FOUR YEARS LATER, NAPOLEON WAS STILL WAGING AGGRESSIVE WAR! AND ON JAN. 11TH, AS COUNT MOLE, THE FRENCH COUNSELLOR OF STATE, STOOD GUARD OUTSIDE OF NAPOLEON'S ROOM...

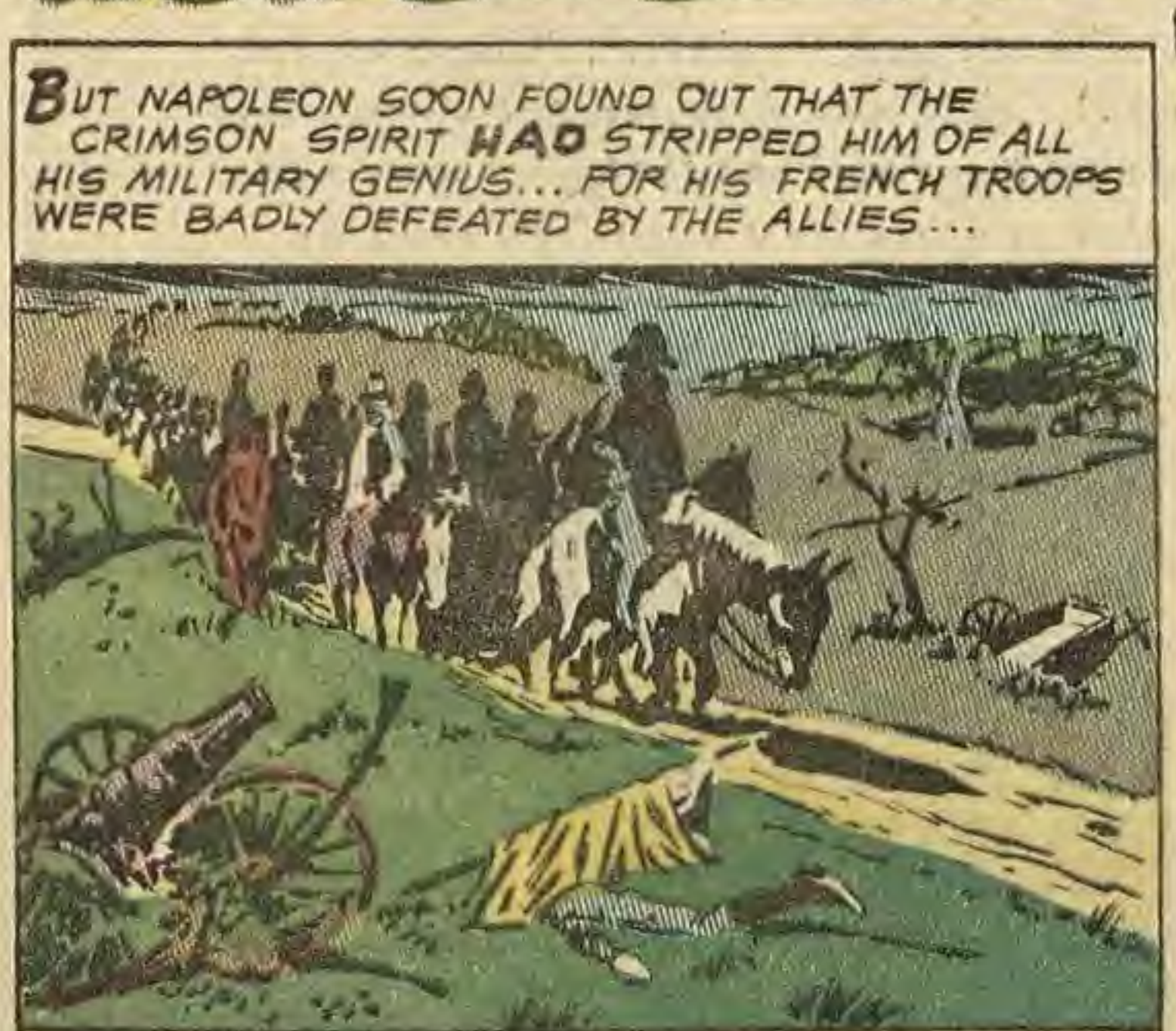
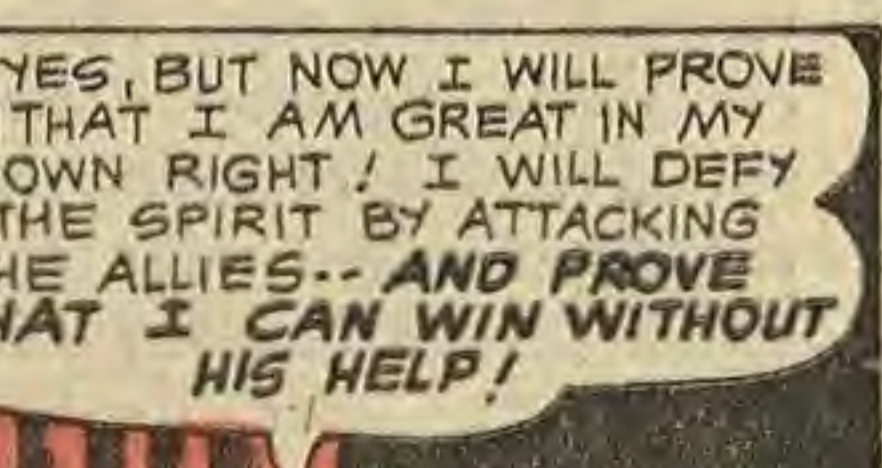
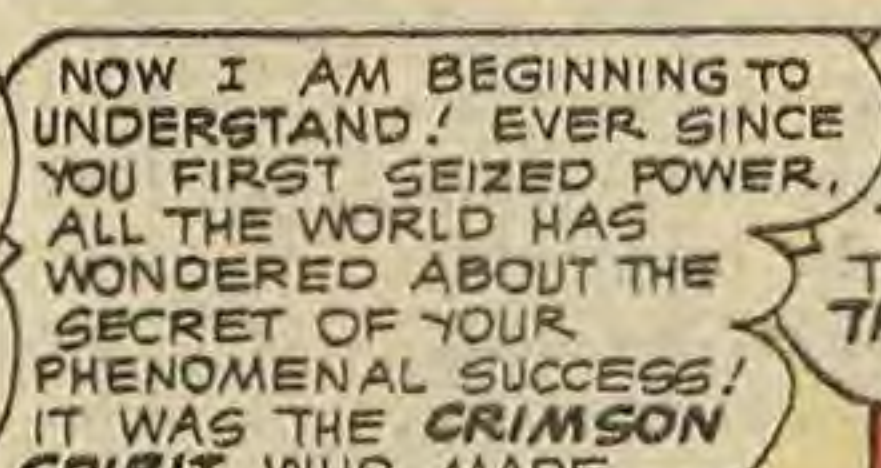
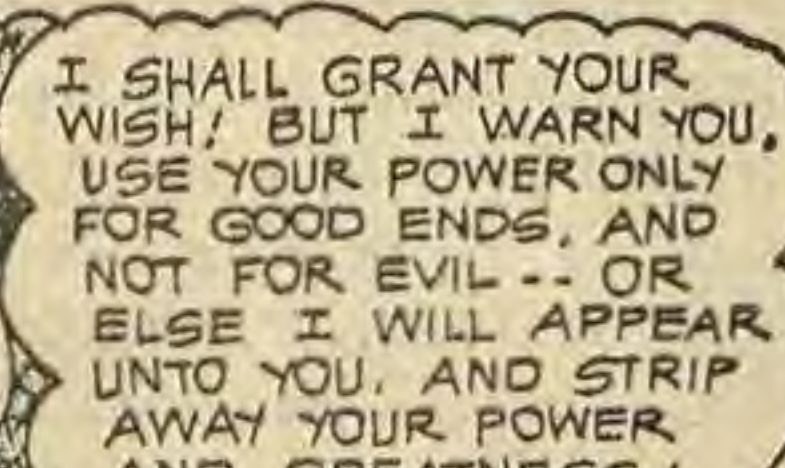
HALT-- WHOEVER YOU ARE! THE EMPEROR WISHES TO SEE NO ONE TODAY!

AH, BUT I HAVE A LONG-STANDING APPOINTMENT WITH HIM!



MON DIEU-- HE... HE WALKS RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!





EDITOR



HELLO THERE, LOYAL fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown"!

There were ever so many things that we wanted to talk over with you at this month's meeting, but they're going to have to hold over. And the reason for that is a subject so important that it won't wait. We've got to thresh it out with you here...and now!

As you know, "Adventures Into The Unknown" is the first magazine within the comics realm ever to specialize purely in the supernatural. It came into existence because your editor felt that readers would welcome a new magazine devoting itself exclusively to spine-tingling, expertly-devised tales of the imagination which delved into the strange, the eerie, the occult. For, in the final analysis, who doesn't like a rousing ghost yarn? And so this, your magazine, was created basing its hopes for continued existence on the guarantee of a quality product. We've done our utmost to live up to this guarantee...to bring you, month by month, the level best in story and art. Now, like any other quality product, we find ourselves besieged by imitators...hosts of them! This was to be expected, for success begets competition. And we welcome healthy and wholesome competition. However, too many new publications seem to have based their appeal on terror

alone...and this we regret. There's nothing undesirable in the thrill of a truly spooky story...if the story is of good quality and well written. This your editor will always insist on! But never shall we compromise with quality. We'll continue to do our utmost to thrill you...but always through the medium of good storytelling! This we feel you want...this we shall continue to bring you!

For a better understanding of our meaning, let's consider the current issue. "Haunt of the Hyena" is a fast-paced, startling story right out of the depths of the Unknown, with an intriguing plot you'll long remember. And for a truly novel treatment of a pulsing theme, there's "Werewolf Valley". "The Ghouls Behind The Glass" is an imaginative yarn that packs a potent punch...and "The Demon of the Deep" is the type of thrilling fare you've long sought. And for eerie midnight chills...for a strange and challenging story which rates laurels to its writer...what better than "The Thing Without A Face"?

In all, we think it's a bangup issue. But we want to know what you think! Address your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. As for the opinions of some of our other readers, take a look at the following letters!

"Dear Editor:-

I enjoy the stories in 'Adventures Into The Unknown' tremendously. However, I missed out on 'Ghostly Destroyer', 'Graveyard Wanderer', 'Curse of The Catacombs' and 'Beast From The Beyond'. Could you help me get them? My girl friend had the book in which they appeared and told me that they were wonderful, but she prized the book so much that she wouldn't even lend it to me... and it was sold out on the stands. I enjoyed 'Flight of the Dead', 'The Thing That Lived Again' and 'Shadow of The Wolf' very much. No doubt about it... yours is my favorite supernatural book! A loyal fan...

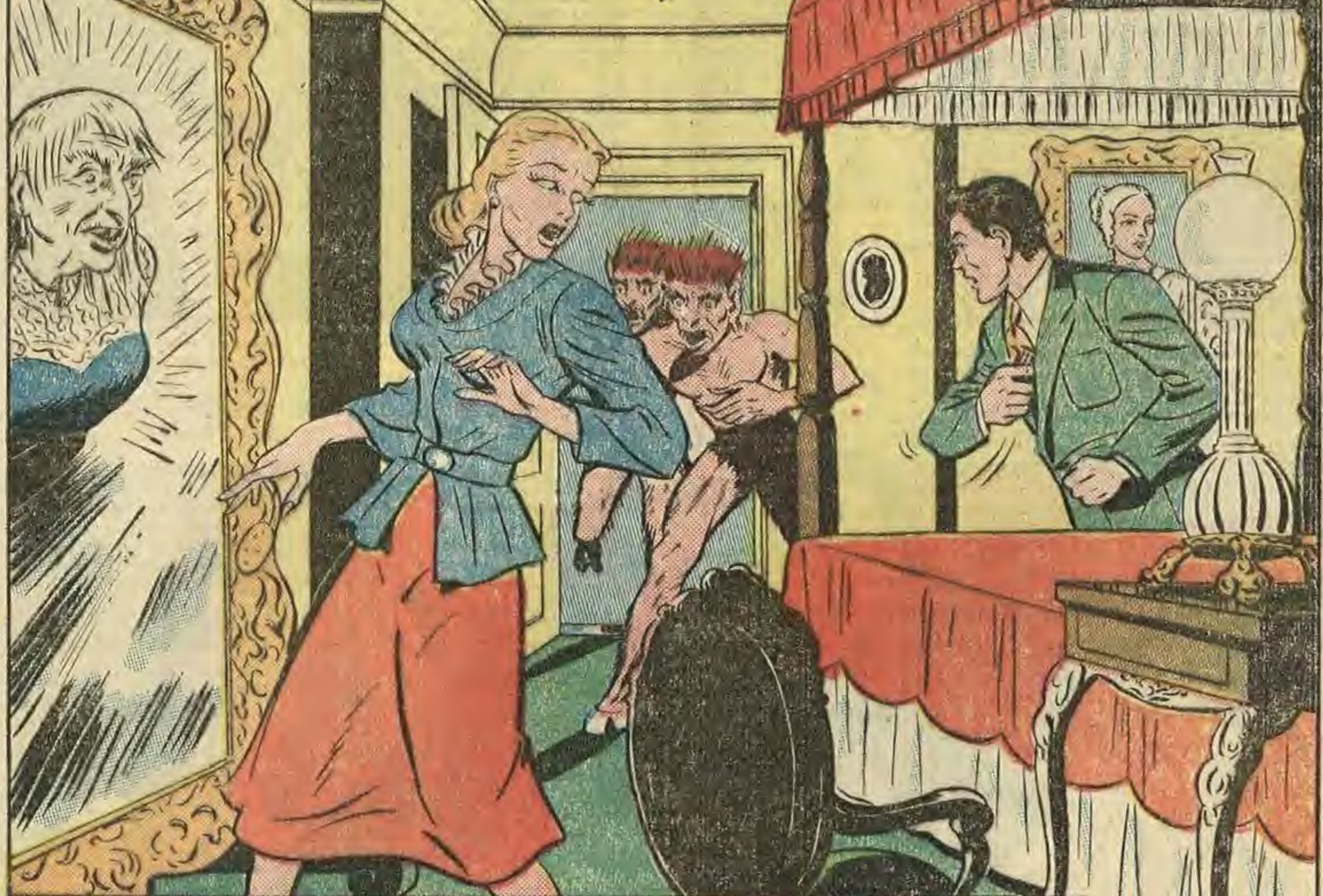
--E. Divornitski, Bronx, N. Y.--

"Dear Editor:-

I hope this is the right place to send fan mail, but I just had to tell you how much I enjoy 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. My favorite stories were 'The Phantom That Foretold', 'Ozark Witches' and 'Curse of The Catacombs'. I'd love to read some stories about Dracula or Frankenstein...but I still want to thank you for writing such wonderful, spooky stories as you've carried. Keep up the grand work!

--Rosemary Gutkoski, Wilkes Barre, Pa.--

The GHOULS *behind the* GLASS



COUNTESS FEENDA HAD THE KIND OF FACE NOBODY COULD EVER FORGET -- ESPECIALLY THE FEW WHO WERE LUCKY ENOUGH TO LIVE -- AFTER CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF IT AT MIDNIGHT! HERS WAS A FATAL BEAUTY NO HUMAN COULD CLAIM -- AN ETERNAL YOUTH RENEWED IN A SACRIFICE OF TERROR -- A SECRET SHARED BY **THE GHOULS BEHIND THE GLASS!**

I SUPPOSE IT'S A SCREWBALL IMPULSE TO COME HERE AT NEARLY MIDNIGHT -- BUT I'M TOO EXCITED TO SLEEP! I WAS BOWLED OVER WHEN COUNTESS FEENDA PHONED, TELLING ME TO REPORT FOR WORK IN THE MORNING -- AND I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL **THEN** TO GET MY FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE MANSION!



IMAGINE **ME** GETTING A SECRETARIAL JOB IN A PLACE LIKE THIS -- WHEN THE COUNTESS MENTIONED THAT OVER A HUNDRED GIRLS ANSWERED HER ADVERTISEMENT! CONSIDERING I ARRIVED IN TOWN JUST A WEEK AGO -- MAYBE IT'S BEGINNER'S LUCK!



SUDDENLY -- STIRRING FROM THE DARKNESS --

OH! WHO'S THAT?





TAKE IT EASY, HONEY! THERE'S NO TELLING **WHAT** YOU'LL RUN INTO AROUND HERE-- BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO GET PANICKY OVER AN ORDINARY HUMAN LIKE **ME**!

MAYBE NOT-- BUT WHAT ARE **YOU** PROWLING AROUND FOR?



ALL AT ONCE-- SHARP AS A RAZOR SLASHING THE VELVETY NIGHT--

OH! THEY'RE COMING OUT-- THEY'RE COMING OUT!



GOOD HEAVENS-- SHE DARTED AWAY FROM THE WINDOW-- **AS IF SOMETHING'S AFTER HER!**

IF I'D FOLLOWED MY HUNCH, I'D HAVE BEEN **INSIDE**-- WHERE I MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HELP HER! BUT COME ON-- **MAYBE THERE'S STILL TIME!**



WAIT! DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO USE THE FRONT DOOR-- AND RING FOR COUNTLESS FEENDA?

SKIP IT! I'M TAKING THE QUICKEST WAY IN-- AND MAYBE THE **SAFEST!**



NO! DON'T TAKE ME-- DON'T MAKE ME GO IN THERE!

OH! THOSE **HIDEOUS THINGS!** WHAT ARE THEY?



THEY'RE **GONE!** BUT HOW CAN THEY BE-- JUST LIKE THAT?

HOLD IT! I CAN STILL HEAR FAINT SCREAMS-- THEY'RE FADING OFF FAST-- **BUT THEY'RE COMING FROM THAT CORNER!**

HELP! HELP!



NOPE-- THE WALL'S **SOLID!** IF IT'D BEEN THOSE CREEPS **ALONE**, I'D SAY THEY SIMPLY VANISHED-- BUT **SHE** COULDN'T HAVE DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!

WAS IT SOME KIND OF HORRIBLE OPTICAL ILLUSION? OR ARE WE **CRAZY-- BOTH OF US?**

THEN-- RISING ABOVE THE MEASURED THUD OF
HOBBLING FOOTSTEPS--

HAA!
HA! HA!

DUCK-- AND DON'T
MAKE A SOUND!

CLUMP!
CLUMP!

ANOTHER ONE! AND NOT A SOUL
AROUND TO HEAR HER SCREAMS--
OR GUESS WHAT HER YOUTH
WILL MEAN TO ME!

THEN--WRINKLED AND GNARLED BY
AN AGELESS BURDEN OF EVIL--

HOW MANY MIDNIGHT SACRIFICES
LIKE THIS CAN YOU REMEMBER,
COUNTESS FEENDA-- HOW MANY
MULTITUDES OF ANGUISHED YOUNG
FACES? HOW FAR CAN YOUR
MEMORY REACH--TOWARD
FOREVER?

AS THE HUNCHED FORM TURNS-- HER
VOICE TRAILING INTO THE GLOOM LIKE
THE CREAKING OF A DEAD BRANCH--

SHE'S COUNTESS FEENDA? I WAS
BUT THE COUNTESS WHO WONDERING
PHONED THIS MORNING WHAT YOU
TO TELL ME I'D BEEN WERE DOING
ACCEPTED FOR THE HERE! SO
SECRETARIAL JOB YOU'RE THE
WAS A YOUNG LATEST GIRL
WOMAN-- I SHE DECIDED
COULD TELL TO HIRE, EH?
FROM THE WAY
SHE SPOKE!

I DON'T UNDER-
STAND! RIGHT! I WOULDN'T
CARE TO GUESS HOW
MANY-- BECAUSE I
YOU HAVEN'T KEPT TABS ON
MEAN THERE LONGER THAN A MONTH!
HAVE BEEN DURING THAT TIME, SHE'S
HAD 15 SECRETARIES--
OTHERS? AND YOU'RE THE ONLY
ONE WHO'S DIFFERENT
FROM THE REST!

HOW DO
YOU
MEAN?

WELL, IF TONIGHT WAS ANY
INDICATION--**THE OTHERS
ARE DEAD!**

THAT FRIGHTENS
ME-- MORE THAN
ANYTHING ELSE I'VE
SEEN OR HEARD!
**WHO ARE
YOU?**

SORRY TO GIVE YOU SUCH A JOLT,
HONEY-- BUT I DIDN'T HAVE A
CHANCE TO EXPLAIN SOONER! I'M
BRUCE TRAYNOR-- **DETECTIVE
ATTACHED TO THE MISSING
PERSONS DIVISION!**



ALL OF THE MISSING GIRLS
CAME FROM OUT OF TOWN--
AND IT TOOK ME QUITE A
WHILE TO ESTABLISH THAT
EACH IN TURN TOOK A JOB
WITH THE SAME PERSON--
COUNTESS FEENDA!
MIGHT HAVE BEEN A
COINCIDENCE IF JUST ONE
OR TWO DISAPPEARED-- BUT
FIFTEEN MEANS FOUL
PLAY-- AND MY GUESS
IS THAT IT INVOLVES A
FIENDISH FORM OF
BLACK MAGIC!

I CAN THANK
MY LUCKY
STARS THAT
SOMETHING
PROMPTED
ME TO DROP
AROUND FOR
A LOOK TONIGHT,
**BECAUSE
I'M NOT
COMING
BACK!**

BUT SUPPOSE THE COUNTESS BLAMES IT
ALL ON A HAUNTED HOUSE? WE HAVEN'T
A SHRED OF EVIDENCE THAT'LL LINK **HER**
WITH THOSE MONSTERS-- AND THERE'LL
BE NO CHANCE OF GETTING IT--
UNLESS YOU FOLLOW THROUGH!



LOOK, HONEY-- I PROMISE I'LL
BE HIDING IN THE CELLAR EVERY
MOMENT YOU'RE THERE. I WON'T
SHOW MYSELF UNLESS THERE'S
AN OUT AND OUT EMERGENCY--
BUT AT LEAST YOU WON'T HAVE
THE FEELING OF BEING UP AGAINST
HORROR
ALONE!
WHAT
ABOUT
IT?

ALL RIGHT, BRUCE!
I'M NOT EVEN
SURE I'LL BE ABLE
TO FACE HER-- BUT
**I'LL TAKE A
CHANCE!**



NEXT MORNING--

THAT CAN'T BE **HER**-- AND
YET THERE'S SOMETHING
ABOUT THOSE EYES THAT
REMINDE ME OF THE ONES
I SAW LAST NIGHT--
**STARING INTO THE
MIRROR!**



I--I
MEANT
TO ASK!
HAVE
YOU A
MOTHER
OR AN
AUNT
LIVING
HERE--
ARE
THERE
**TWO
COUNTESSSES?**

NATURALLY NOT! I
ASSUME YOU WILL TAKE
THE JOB-- AND I EX-
PECT YOU TO COMPLY
WITH TWO OF MY WHIMS!
FIRST, YOU UNDOUBTEDLY
HAVE A COMPACT IN
YOUR HANDBAG--
I WANT IT!

VERY WELL,
COUNTESS--
BUT I
WISH
YOU'D
EXPLAIN!

I **SAID** IT
WAS A WHIM!
NOW-- DO YOU
WISH TO SEE
YOUR ROOM?

GOOD HEAVENS--
IT'S THE SAME
ROOM THAT GIRL
DISAPPEARED
FROM LAST
NIGHT!

THE FURNISHINGS
MAY SEEM SOME-
WHAT GLOOMY-- BUT
I'M SURE YOU'LL BE
QUITE COMFORTABLE!
AND **THAT BRINGS
ME TO MY SECOND
CONDITION!**





I EXPECT YOU TO RETIRE
AT A **DEFINITE TIME**--
WITHOUT FAIL! YOU CAN
PASS THE EVENING AS
YOU WISH-- BUT
REMEMBER-- YOU
MUST PREPARE
TO GO TO BED
PRECISELY AT
MIDNIGHT!

AS THE AFTERNOON WEARS ON--



I'VE NEVER HAD A STRANGER JOB!
THE COUNTESS HASN'T GIVEN ME A
SINGLE THING TO DO-- AND WHAT'S
MORE-- I'VE GOT A **DEFINITE**
FEELING SHE'S TRYING TO
AVOID ME!



WHY DOES SHE FLIT PAST LIKE
THAT-- WITHOUT A WORD OR A
GLANCE? AND DOES SHE JUST
SEEM TO HAVE WRINKLES
THAT WEREN'T THERE THIS
MORNING-- OR IS SHE
ACTUALLY **OLDER?**



MAYBE SHE **IS** MIDDLE-AGED
-- MAYBE HER MAKEUP WEARS
OFF DURING THE COURSE OF
THE DAY! BUT **THAT** CAN'T BE
IT-- BECAUSE IF SHE **DOES**
USE MAKEUP-- WHY WOULD
SHE MAKE **ME** GIVE UP
MY COMPACT?



THAT NIGHT--

IT'S GETTING NEAR THE
COUNTESS'S DEADLINE--
AND MUCH AS I DREAD
IT-- I'D BETTER GET TO
MY ROOM! EVEN IF IT
MEANS LYING AWAKE
ALL NIGHT-- I PROMISED
BRUCE I'D GO THROUGH
WITH IT!



AT THE STROKE OF
TWELVE --

THAT'S STRANGE-- I CAN'T
SEE MY REFLECTION IN THE
GLASS! THERE'S JUST A
HAZY SMUDGE-- AND
IT'S BEGINNING
TO GLOW!



THEN-- PEERING FROM THE SHIMMERING DEPTHS--

AS JILL WHIRLS IN TERROR--

IT'S ONE OF THOSE HIDEOUS THINGS THAT GRABBED THE GIRL-- AND TONIGHT-- THEY'RE AFTER ME!

CRASH!



NOW I KNOW WHERE SHE VANISHED-- INTO THEIR LURKING PLACE-- THE MIRROR! HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT'LL HAPPEN NOW-- BUT I'VE GOT TO FIND BRUCE!



BRUCE-- THANK GOODNESS YOU KEPT YOUR WORD! I SAW ONE OF THE FIENDS-- IT STARTED TO COME OUT AFTER ME-- FROM THE MIRROR!

TAKE IT EASY, JILL-- I WANT YOU TO START FROM THE BEGINNING-- AND TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED TODAY!



AFTER JILL EXPLAINS--

IT'S PRETTY CLEAR, JILL-- THE COUNTESS'S TWO "WHIMS" HAD A SINGLE UGLY PURPOSE! WITHOUT A COMPACT, YOU'D HAVE TO USE THAT MIRROR IN YOUR ROOM-- AT EXACTLY THE MOMENT WHEN THE GHOULS ARE ABLE TO EMERGE-- MIDNIGHT! BUT LUCKILY FOR YOU-- THEY HAD TO STAY IN THE MIRROR WHEN IT WAS TIPPED OVER!

BRUCE-- I CAN'T STAY IN THIS HOUSE ANOTHER NIGHT! THIS OUGHT TO GIVE YOU THE EVIDENCE YOU NEED-- CAN'T YOU ARREST THE COUNTESS AND GET IT OVER WITH?

BUT, HONEY-- WHERE'S THE PROOF? AND IF THE COUNTESS IS THE CREEP WE SUSPECT SHE IS-- WHAT JAIL COULD HOLD HER? I'M AFRAID WE'VE GOT TO TRY SOMETHING FAR MORE DRASTIC-- AND AS A FIRST STEP-- LET'S SNEAK UPSTAIRS AND LOOK AROUND!



SOON AFTERWARD-- AS A STRANGE VOICE DRONES THROUGH THE GLOOM--

THAT IS COUNTESS FEENDA, SHHH! LISTEN-- BRUCE! AND I KNOW IT-- LET'S TRY TO BECAUSE I WATCHED CATCH WHAT SHE'S HER AGING HOUR MUTTERING ABOUT! AFTER HOUR-- THROUGH- OUT THE DAY!



LUCK-- LUCK-- THAT'S WHAT SAVED HER! I'LL STAY HERE IN MY ROOM TOMORROW SO SHE WON'T SEE ME AS I REALLY AM! I'LL TELL HER SHE NEEDN'T FEAR THE FIENDS-- BECAUSE THEY'RE AFTER ME! IF I PRE- TEND I'M TERRIFIED, SHE WON'T LEAVE-- SHE'LL BE HERE TOMORROW MIDNIGHT! IT MUST BE-- BECAUSE IF I SPEND TWO NIGHTS WITHOUT A NEW VICTIM TO RESTORE THE YOUTH I SHOW BY DAY-- MY EVIL DESTINY IS DOOMED!



SO THAT'S HOW THOSE GIRLS
DISAPPEARED! ONCE THE
FIENDS SEIZED THEM--THEIR
YOUTH GAVE THE COUNTESS
A TEMPORARY REPRIEVE
FROM OLD AGE! BUT
HEAVENS, BRUCE--IF SHE'S
NEEDED A NEW VICTIM AT
LEAST EVERY TWO NIGHTS--
HOW MANY **THOUSANDS**
OF GIRLS HAS SHE
PREYED ON OVER
THE CENTURIES?

WHAT I'M WORRIED
ABOUT IS THAT SHE
MAY SUSPECT YOU'VE
GUESSED HER SECRET!
IN THAT CASE-- SHE'LL
HAVE NO TROUBLE
MOVING HER CURSED
MIRROR TO ANOTHER
TOWN BY TOMORROW
NIGHT-- **IN TIME TO
TRAP
ANOTHER
GIRL!**

OFFHAND, I CAN THINK
OF ONLY ONE WAY TO
PREVENT IT-- **AND
THIS IS IT!**

CRASH!

THEN-- AS THE JAGGED FRAGMENTS RING
AGAINST THE FLOOR--

**YE GODS-- BREAKING
THE GLASS MEANT
LIBERATING THE
FIENDS!**

A SCANT YARD AHEAD OF THE
SCUTTling DEMONS--

GOOD THING WE
DIDN'T HEAD FOR
THE DOOR, HONEY--
**BECAUSE WE
WOULDN'T HAVE
MADE IT!**

THEY'RE TURNING
BACK, JILL! I HAVE
A HUNCH THEY CAN'T
STRAY **TOO FAR**
FROM THE MIRROR--
BECAUSE IF THEY
COULD-- IT
WOULDN'T BE
NECESSARY FOR
THE COUNTESS
TO BRING
VICTIMS TO
THEM!

BUT THE
MIRROR'S
BROKEN.
BRUCE--
HOW CAN IT
PROVIDE A
REFUGE FOR
THEM
NOW?

IN THE NEXT INSTANT--WITH A
TINKLE OF FLYING GLASS--

GREAT GUNS--THERE'S
YOUR ANSWER, JILL! NOW
THAT THE FIENDS ARE BACK
INSIDE THE FRAME-- **THE
MIRROR'S INTACT AGAIN!**

HONEY, I KNOW
THIS HAS BEEN
A PRETTY TOUGH
ORDEAL FOR YOU
BUT IF I TELL
YOU I'VE GOT A
PLAN THAT'S
ALMOST SURE
TO WORK--

**WILL YOU BE
WILLING TO
GO THROUGH AN-
OTHER NIGHT HERE?**

I--I GUESS THERE'S
NO CHOICE, BRUCE!
AS YOU POINTED
OUT, THE COUNTESS
WILL GET SUSPICIOUS
IF I **DON'T** STAY--
SHE'LL DISAPPEAR
WITH THE MIRROR--
AND WE WON'T HAVE
A CHANCE TO DO
ANYTHING!

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT--

AAH... I'M FEELING FEEBLER THAN I EXPECTED-- BUT **THAT** WILL CHANGE VERY SOON! SHE'LL BE STANDING BEFORE THE MIRROR AGAIN AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT-- AND AS SOON AS THE FIENDS SEIZE HER -- **I'LL FEEL A NEW SURGE OF YOUTH!**



OHH!
STOP--
STOP--
LET
ME
GO!

BONG!
BONG!



THAT'S IT!
SCREAM--
LET THE OLD
HAG THINK
THE FIENDS
HAVE DRAGGED
YOU INTO
THE
MIRROR!

AS THE LAST NOTE OF MIDNIGHT
FADES INTO THE SHADOWS--

HEH HEH! NOW LOOK AT
YOURSELF, COUNTLESS FEENDA
-- WATCH THE GLOWING FLUSH
OF BEAUTY SPREAD OVER
YOUR FEATURES-- **AGAIN--**
AS IT HAS FOR **CENTURIES!**



THEN-- WITH A VIOLENCE THAT MAKES THE
MIRROR SWAY AND CREAK--

FACES! HUNDREDS OF
THEM, SHIFTING AND
FADING-- THE FACES
OF THE GIRLS
I DOOMED!



AGAIN THE MIRROR SHATTERS-- AND **THIS TIME--**

AAGHHH!

CRACK!



AS A SEARING
FLASH DISINTEGRATES
THE COUNTLESS'S
WRITHING BODY--

THAT'S IT, JILL!
MIDNIGHT PASSED
WITHOUT A VICTIM--
**AND THERE'S
THE RESULT!**

BRUCE, I DIDN'T
HAVE TIME TO
THINK OF IT
BEFORE-- BUT
I **KNOW**
I COULDN'T
HAVE GONE
THROUGH
ALL THIS--
WITHOUT
YOU!

I WAS HOPING
YOU'D SAY THAT,
HONEY-- BECAUSE
THE **NEXT** TIME
YOU LOOK INTO A
MIRROR-- I WANT
YOU TO BE GETTING
READY FOR A DATE
WITH **ME!**



The End.

The DEMON of the DEEP

YOU MEAN WE CAN'T FIND A BOAT ANYWHERE TO TAKE US AROUND THE BAY FOR A FEW HOURS? THIS PLACE IS RIGHT ON THE SEA--- HOW COME THERE AREN'T ANY VESSELS PUTTING OUT?

YOU HAVE MUCH TO LEARN ABOUT THIS TOWN! THERE ARE OTHERS ALONG THE COAST--- CROWDED WITH WHITE SAILS--- FREE FROM FEAR--- WHY DID YOU HAVE TO COME HERE?

WHAT IS THE SECRET TERROR THAT OVERHANGS A SMALL MEDITERRANEAN VILLAGE? THE LIVING KNOW, BUT FEAR TO SPEAK--- AND WHEN THE DEAD SPEAK--- THEIR SOULS BELONG TO *The DEMON of the DEEP!*

WHY NOT? THESE WATERS ARE RELATIVELY SHALLOW--- MAKING IT JUST THE SPOT FOR THE SPORT WE'RE INTERESTED IN--- UNDERWATER FISHING WITH OXYGEN MASKS AND SPEAR GUNS!

LOOK, KEN! THERE'S A BOAT NOW--- BUT IT'S COVERED WITH BLACK BUNTING!

TWO OF OUR SAILORS WERE FOOLHARDY ENOUGH TO LEAVE PORT LAST NIGHT! THERE IS THEIR SHIP--- THOSE ARE THEIR MOURNING WIVES AND FRIENDS!

YOU MEAN THEY DROWNED? BUT THE SEA WAS CALM LAST NIGHT--- THE SHIP'S INTACT--- HOW COULD IT HAVE HAPPENED?

THE DEMON OF THE DEEP! SO OFF IF YOU WILL--- BUT FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR SOULS--- STAY AWAY FROM THE SEA!





AND LIKE A MOURNER AT A WAKE...A LONELY GULL SEEMS TO TAKE UP THE WELLING CHANT OF THE SEA!



AT THE INSTANT BRENDA AWAKENS...



I KNEW THAT SUPERSTITION ABOUT THE **DEMON OF THE DEEP** WAS A LOT OF NONSENSE, HONEY! THERE'S A FULL MOON TONIGHT---JUST WHAT WE NEED FOR A LOOK AROUND THE BAY!

I---I CAN'T SAY I'M WILD ABOUT THE IDEA, KEN---BUT IF YOU THINK IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT---



WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE WATERFRONT IN A FEW MINUTES! WHAT'S THE NAME OF YOUR SHIP?

THE BIANCA!
WE WILL BE WAITING!



A MOMENT LATER---

KEN---HERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE! THE CLOTHES THOSE MEN WERE WEARING DIDN'T APPEAR TO BE WET---BUT LOOK AT THESE DAMP SPOTS---EXACTLY WHERE THEY WERE STANDING!

SAILORS ARE BOUND TO GET WET, BRENDA! DIDN'T THEY SAY THEY JUST CAME IN FROM THE SEA---AND THAT THEIR SHIPS WAITING?



GOOD HEAVENS---DO YOU REMEMBER THE NAME OF THEIR SHIP? IT'S THE **BIANCA**---THE VERY CRAFT WE SAW AT THE WHARF TODAY---**DRAPED IN BLACK FOR THE TWO SAILORS WHO DROWNED AT SEA!**



THAT'S WHY THEY SPOKE SO ODDLY ABOUT TIDES AND CURRENTS! THEY'VE BEEN FLOATING OUT THERE---JUST AS I DREAMED THEY WERE---**TWO DEAD MEN WHO LEFT THE SEA TO LOOK FOR US!**



IT'S A TOUGH THING TO FACE, BRENDA---BUT SHOULDN'T WE LEARN WHY? LET'S WEAR OUR SWIM-SUITS UNDER OUR CLOTHES---AND TAKE ALONG THE OXYGEN MASKS! THAT WAY, WE CAN JUMP OVERBOARD IF WE HAVE TO---BUT WE'LL LEARN ONCE AND FOR ALL ABOUT THE **DEMON OF THE DEEP!**



SOON AFTERWARD---GLIDING LIKE A GHOST IN THE BURNISHED MOONLIGHT---

KEN---IT'S SO STRANGE! THE BOAT ISN'T MAKING A SOUND---AND NEITHER ARE THEY!



THAT'S UNDERSTANDABLE! WHETHER DEAD OR ALIVE---SAILORS AREN'T IN THE HABIT OF TALKING MUCH!

NOT EVEN TO ASK WHERE WE'RE GOING? WHY **WOULDN'T** THEY, KEN---UNLESS THEY **KNOW** WHERE THEY'RE TAKING US?



A MILE BEYOND...

I DON'T LIKE THIS! WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARD THAT WEIRD, GLOWING HAZE RISING FROM THE WATER!

MAYBE WE'D BETTER SLIP A STERN JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE...AND LET THE SHIP TOW US!

MINUTES LATER...

THAT LUMINOUS MIST MEANS SOMETHING, BRENDA... BECAUSE THE SHIP'S SLOWENING SPEED!

THERE'S WHAT'S CAUSING THE GLOW! LOOK...LOOK...THEY'RE FLOATING TOWARD THE SURFACE!

INCH BY INCH...RISING LIKE HUGE PEARLY BUBBLES FROM THE GLEAMING DEPTHS...

AS THE SHIMMERING SPHERES REACH THE SURFACE...

GOOD LORD, KEN...WHAT'S INSIDE THEM?

DEMON OF THE DEEP... WE HAVE BROUGHT TWO HUMANS TO TAKE OUR PLACE BELOW!

KEEP YOUR PROMISE... AND RELEASE OUR SOULS!

AS THE BUBBLE DISSOLVES IN A FLASH...

WE LURED THEM ABOARD... WE SINGLED THEM OUT FOR YOU!

BELIEVE US...AND BE MERCIFUL!

WHERE ARE THESE HUMANS? DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ESCAPE MY CURSE WITH A TRICK LIKE THIS?

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, WHEN YOUR ANCESTORS DROWNED ME AS A WIZARD WITH AN ANCHOR AROUND MY NECK...WHO SHOWED MERCY THEN? I MADE A VOW THAT THOSE WHO MOCK ME SHALL **DROWN**...AND BECOME THINGS LIKE THEM!



IMPS OF THE DEEP...RISE! THEY BELONG TO US!

AAAGH!



GOOD HEAVENS...THOSE HORRIBLE THINGS ARE RETURNING TO THE DEPTHS...WITH THE CORPSES!

HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO USE THE OXYGEN MASKS, HONEY...AND FOLLOW THOSE CREEPS DOWN!



THEN, THROUGH THE AMBER PATHOS...HEAVY WITH THE SILENCE OF HEARING HORROR...

WONDER WHETHER BRENDA'S SPOTTED WHAT'S AHEAD OF US...SOMETHING LIKE A TREMENDOUS BUBBLE ON THE FLOOR OF THE SEA!



THE FIENDS ARE GLIDING THROUGH...TAKING THEIR CAPTIVES WITH THEM!



INCREDIBLE...BUT IT'S A HUGE WATER-TIGHT COMPARTMENT! THERE MUST BE AIR RISING FROM AN OUTLET IN THE OCEAN FLOOR...WITH ENOUGH PRESSURE TO HOLD BACK THE SEA!

KEN'S GOT TO SEE THIS! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO THE TWO CORPSES...THEY'RE WRITHING IN AGONY!



HA! YOU FEARED FOR YOUR SOULS...BUT DID YOU SUSPECT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO YOUR BODIES?

AAAGH!



AS THE NEW FIENDS JOIN THE RANKS OF DOOM...

FOR CENTURIES, MY DEN OF THE DEEP HAS BEEN CHARGED WITH AN ATMOSPHERE OF EVIL...AND THAT IS WHAT IT DOES TO THE BODIES OF MY VICTIMS! NOW YOU WILL KNOW THE HALF-LIFE IN WHICH THERE IS ONLY ONE DEGREE...A VICTIM CRESTED WITH FOAM AND STREWN WITH SEAWEED...A VICTIM WHO HAS DROWNED!



SUDDENLY...

VE GODS...
THEY'VE
SPOTTED
US!

YARRRGH!



HUMANS! PURSUE THEM
THROUGH THE DEPTHS...
DRAG THEM BACK...
SHOW THEM WHAT
IT MEANS TO
VENTURE HERE!



THEY'RE COMING
THROUGH! THIS IS
GOING TO BE
CLOSE!



SECONDS LATER---

THEY'RE
JUST BELOW
US, KEN -- WE
CAN'T
ESCAPE!

WE'RE ONLY A SHORT DIS-
TANCE FROM THE SHIP! COME
ON -- WE'VE GOT TO
REACH THAT ROPE
TRAILING
ASTERN!



Then... CHURNING THE WATER IN A DESPERATE
RUSH...

HOLD ON, HONEY
...WE'RE PICKING
UP SPEED!

AS THE FIENDISH ORBS RECEDE IN THE DARKNESS---

WE'VE ESCAPED...BUT FOR
HOW LONG? THE SEA GIRDLES
THE WORLD, KEN...THE
DEMON OF THE DEEP
IS SURE TO FIND
US!

THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING TO DO! WE'LL
MOVE INLAND, AWAY
FROM THE SEA...
UNTIL WE FIND SOME
WAY TO DEAL WITH
THAT CREEP...
AND END HIS
CURSE!



THE FOLLOWING EVENING...

SEEMS LIKE A
SCREWBALL DREAM
NOW, DOESN'T IT...
WITH THE SEA
MILES BEYOND
OUR SIGHT AND
HEARING?

IT'S WONDERFUL
TO HAVE LAND ALL
AROUND US! BUT DID
YOU NOTICE THAT
STRANGE-LOOKING
CAVE, KEN?



**EVEN FROM A DISTANCE, IT LOOKED FORBIDDING---
A PURPLE MASS GLAZED BY THE FADING SUN!**

LET'S SEE WHAT THE
INNKEEPER KNOWS ABOUT
THE CAVE, BRENDA!



NO, SIGNOR---NONE OF
US WISH TO KNOW ANY
THING ABOUT A PLACE
LIKE THAT! CAN YOU
BLAME US---WHEN IT
IS CALLED
**THE
GROTTO
OF
DEATH?**

WHAT PUZZLES ME IS
THAT FOG---WHEN THE
ATMOSPHERE IS PER-
FECTLY CLEAR EVERY-
WHERE ELSE!



AS DARKNESS FALLS IN A HUSHED
WAVE---AND THE DISTANT HAZE AROUND
THE GROTTO OF DEATH FLOWS LIKE A
HEAVING TIDE---

BUT EVEN THEN---OUT OF THE
FUMING WHITENESS---

FIRST IT WAS THE DEMON
OF THE DEEP---AND
NOW THE GROTTO
OF DEATH! KEN, IT'S
HARD TO EXPRESS
WHAT I FEEL---BUT
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT
THAT FOG REMINDS
ME OF---THE
SEA!

STRANGE WHAT
THE IMAGINATION
WILL DO! I GET
THE SAME IMPRESS-
ION WHEN I LOOK UP
THERE---IT'S ALMOST
AS IF I CAN HEAR THE
HISSING RUSH
OF THE WAVES
---AND YET
I KNOW IT'S
NONSENSE!



LATER---
KEN, DON'T
THINK I'M
CRAZY---JUST
LET'S GET AWAY
FROM HERE! THERE'S
A TOUCH OF BRINY
TERROR IN THE
AIR--- LIKE EVIL
FLOWING
CLOSER!

WHERE'LL WE
GO? OUT THERE
---IN THE DARK-
NESS? LET'S
KEEP OUR
HEADS, HONEY
---BECAUSE
WHATEVER IT
IS--- WE'LL
HAVE TO
FACE
IT!



SUDDENLY---IN A SWIRL OF TERROR---

ARRRGH!



Then---FORCED TOWARD THE EVIL-LADEN FOG---

KEN! THEY'RE TAKING
US UP THERE--- TO
THE GROTTO OF
DEATH!

I CAN GUESS WHY---IT'S
THE NATURAL TUNNEL
THAT CARRIES AIR TO
THE DEN OF DOOM! NO
USE TRYING TO RESIST
THESE FIENDS NOW, BRENDA
---BUT AS SOON AS THEIR
ATTENTION SLACKENS
---WE'LL TRY
TO MAKE A
BREAK!





I CAN'T
BREATHE
IN THIS
PLACE!

THAT'S BECAUSE THE AIR
IS HEAVILY CHARGED WITH
FIRE DAMP... A POISONOUS
GAS! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE
WHY NO NATIVE WHO'S VENT-
URED INTO THE CAVE HAS
EVER LIVED LONG ENOUGH
TO DISCOVER WHERE IT
LEADS!



DEEP INSIDE THE ECHOING CHASM...

THE FUMES ARE
MAKING ME
DIZZY! WE'LL
NEVER GET
AWAY!

LOOK! I WAS WONDERING HOW
THEY KEPT THE FIRE DAMP FROM
FLOWING INTO THE DEN OF
THE DEEP... AND THERE'S
THE ANSWER! THERE MUST
BE **AIR** SEEPING THROUGH
ROCK FIGURES FURTHER
AHEAD... AND THAT PIVOTING
BOULDER ACTS AS A
SEAL!



WITH A SUDDEN LEAP...

QUICK,
BRENDA
...GET TO
ONE
SIDE!



THIS'LL HOLD
'EM UNTIL WE
GET OUT...
AND IT BETTER
BE **FAST**!

BOOM!
CRASH!



WHAT NOW,
KEN? WON'T
THEY COME
AFTER
US?

MAYBE... BUT IT
WON'T BE SOON
ENOUGH! WE'RE
HIGH ENOUGH TO
OVERLOOK THE
SEA... AND
I'VE GOT A
HUNCH THERE'LL
BE PLENTY TO
WATCH!



SECONDS LATER... RISING IN A WHITE-HOT FLASH
FROM THE BOILING DEPTHS...

BOOM!



I CAN STILL FEEL THE
HEAT WAVES BLOWING
IN FROM THE SEA, KEN!
THAT TREMENDOUS
BLAST **VAPORIZED**
THE DEMON OF THE
DEEP AND HIS
FIENDS... BUT
WHAT CAUSED
IT?

A HIGH CONCENTRATION
OF **FIRE DAMP** IS EX-
PLOSIONIC WHEN IT MIXES
WITH **AIR**, HONEY... AND
THAT'S JUST WHAT
HAPPENED WHEN THE GAS
FLOWED THROUGH THE
NARROW TUNNEL LEADING
TO THE UNDERSEA CHAMBER!
IT TOOK SOMETHING AL-
MOST AS VIOLENT AS
AN ATOMIC BOMB...
**BUT THOSE CREEPS
ARE FINISHED!**

THE END

Injun ROPE TRICK

CLEM PARKER WAS panning for gold on the banks of the Oro River in the wilds of Colorado when he heard a sudden *whoosh* and a soft *plop* behind him. He whirled; his hand streaking toward his holstered revolver...but then he froze in utter amazement at the sight of the old, wizened, brown-skinned man who had suddenly appeared as if he'd sprung right out of the rocky ground.

"Huh?" exclaimed Clem. "Whar in blazes did yuh come from?"

"India," said the old man.

"But yuh don't look like no Injun I ever seen...yuh're brown, not red!"

The old man gathered his white robe closer around him with one hand, while his other hand tightly clutched a coil of rope. "No, no," he said, "I come from India, from the other side of the world. I was banished for violating certain rules of the holy Yogi order...for using this sacred rope to enrich myself through public performances. My exile will continue until I do enough good deeds and rid the world of enough evil so that the sacrilege I was guilty of will be atoned for."

Clem scratched his grizzled beard in bewilderment...but before he could ask the stranger any more questions, the sound of thundering hooves and crackling rifle fire sounded behind them. "Take cover, Injun," Clem shouted, pulling the Hindu down behind a boulder. "Them varmints are out of sixgun range, but we're in rifle range. All they gotta do is keep a safe distance away, circle around us, and pick us off with the telescopic sights they got...I reckon we're goners!"

"I do not know what you mean by 'varmint'," the Hindu said, "but I assume that those men are evil. What is it they wish of you?"

"Muh gold dust," Clem said grimly, clapping a hand to the money belt strapped around his waist.

"Ah, then perhaps I can be of service to you...and to myself at the same time.

Trust me...give me your belt of gold dust!"

Clem hesitated, then shrugged. "What have I got tuh lose? Here!"

The Hindu quickly wrapped one end of his coil of rope around the money belt, muttered a few strange-sounding words...and before Clem's amazed eyes, the rope leaped straight up into the air, stiff as a pole, and hung motionless a foot above the Hindu's head. "Now quickly," the Hindu urged, "stand up and surrender to those evil men...so that they will approach us!"

Too dazed to do anything but obey the command, Clem rose, his hands high in the air. "Don't shoot!" he shouted. "We give up!"

Moments later, the two outlaws suspiciously approached, their rifles trained on Clem and the Hindu. "If this is a trick," the lead outlaw growled, "yuh won't live long enough tuh finish it. What's holdin' that money belt up there? Git it down here pronto!"

"It cannot come down," the Hindu said pleasantly. "You will have to climb up and get it. Try it...you will see that the rope supports your weight."

Still suspicious, the outlaw touched the rope, tugged at it. "Say, Rod, this rope is stiffer'n a fence post. Keep an eye on these two while I climb up an' git that money belt...when I git down, we'll finish 'em off."

The outlaw began climbing the rope hand over hand, but when he reached the top, the Hindu murmured a few more words...and money belt and outlaw both vanished into thin air. While the second outlaw gaped in stunned astonishment, Clem kayoed him with an uppercut...and then the Hindu began climbing the rope, saying, "I will throw down your money belt...but that evil one will never return to this earth again. And this good deed will enable me to return to India...farewell, my friend!"

THE THING Without a FACE



LATE ONE AFTERNOON...

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE MRS. JOHNSON COMMITTED SUICIDE JUST A FEW HOURS AGO BY JUMPING FROM THE APARTMENT DIRECTLY ABOVE MINE! BUT I MUSTN'T GET MORBID ABOUT IT... I'VE GOT TO STOP WATCHING THOSE WORKMEN LAYING A NEW CEMENT SIDEWALK... TO REPLACE THE ONE THAT CRACKED WHEN SHE LANDED!



SHE WAS ALONE ALL THESE YEARS... AND NOW HER BODY'S ALONE... UNTIL THE CORONER'S EXAMINATION IN THE MORNING! THANK GOODNESS NED'S DROPPING AROUND LATER... I COULDN'T BEAR BEING BY MYSELF... KNOWING WHAT'S UP THERE!



THAT NIGHT...

OH, HEAVENS... I WAS SURE I HEARD NED'S FOOTSTEPS! WONDER WHO THAT IS?

AHH! JUST A FEW MORE YARDS BEFORE I FIND THE THING I HAVE LEARNED TO DETECT THROUGH THE CENTURIES... AN UNGUARDED CORPSE!



MINUTES LATER... AS ANN ANSWERS HER DOOR BELL...

OHH! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I CAME TO SEE MRS. JOHNSON... BUT SINCE HER DOOR IS LOCKED... YOU MUST LET ME ENTER HERE!



MRS. JOHNSON! BUT YOU CAN'T SEE HER... SHE'S DEAD!

HA HA! AND WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE I CAME... IF I DIDN'T KNOW THAT?



I AM CLIMBING UP TO MRS. JOHNSON... HER WINDOW WILL ADMIT ME TO THE CHAMBER OF DEATH... AND YOU ARE GOING TO FORGET YOU EVER SAW ME!

YE GODS... ANN!



YOU'RE NOT GETTING A CHANCE TO TRY HYPNOTISM ON ME, BUD!



IN THE NEXT SECOND...

NED... LOOK! IT WAS HORRIBLE TO WATCH HIM FALL... BUT THIS IS WORSE... SEEING HIM GET UP ALIVE!

IT'S INCREDIBLE... HE DOESN'T EVEN SEEM JOLTED! COME ON, HONEY... LET'S TRY TO FOLLOW HIM!



A MOMENT LATER...

HE'S GONE, NED! WHAT KIND OF THING IS HE... LOOKING FOR A DEAD BODY... AND MANAGING TO ESCAPE DEATH HIMSELF?

MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT, ANN! HE LANDED ON HIS FACE... WITH ENOUGH FORCE TO LEAVE AN IMPRINT ON THIS FRESHLY-LAID CEMENT!



IT'LL BE FIRM IN A FEW HOURS...
AND THEN WE CAN MAKE A
MASK FROM THIS NEGATIVE...
BY FILLING IT
WITH A PLASTIC
COMPOUND! I
WANT A CHANCE
TO STUDY
THESE
FEATURES...
AND SO
WILL THE
POLICE!



NED... I'VE
SEEN THAT FACE!
THE POLICE CAN
ROUND UP MUR-
DERERS AND
MADMEN... BUT
NOTHING LIKE
HIM!

TRY NOT TO WORRY ABOUT IT,
HONEY! WE'LL GO TO MY PLACE
LATER... AFTER YOU'VE
RESTED A COUPLE OF HOURS
... AND SEE WHAT
GIVES WITH
THE MASK!



SOON AFTERWARD... IN A LAIR BLIGHTED
BY RESTLESS DEATH...

THE ZOMBIE HAS
RETURNED... BUT
WHY HAS HE NOT
BROUGHT A
VICTIM?

HE ALWAYS FINDS
SOMEONE! PER-
HAPS THIS TIME, HE
WILL **LEAD** US TO
OUR PREY!



SLOWLY THE DOOR
OPENS... AND THERE,
FRAMED BY DARKNESS...



HE IS NO LONGER
THE ZOMBIE **WE**
OBEY! HE HAS
BECOME **A THING**
WITHOUT A
FACE!

NOW **WE** CAN
ROAM THE
DARKNESS...
AND THE FIRST
OF US TO RETURN
WITH A WALKING
CORPSE WILL GAIN
CONTROL OF THE BAND
OF THE UNDEAD! HE
WILL BECOME THE
NEW ZOMBIE!



WE WILL WAIT UN-
TIL THE STROKE OF
TWELVE... WHEN THE
LIVING SLEEP... AND
THE DEAD ARE
READY TO STIR!

YOU CHATTERING IDIOTS...
DO YOU THINK I CAN BE
DISPENSED WITH **THAT**
EASILY? WANDER AS YOU
WILL... SEARCH AMONG THE
TOMBS... **SEE** IF YOU CAN MAKE
THE DEAD WALK WITHOUT
ME!



TOWARD
MIDNIGHT...

HAA... THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME... THINK-
ING I'LL LEAD THEM TO A CORPSE!
BUT **THIS** IS THE HOUR WHEN I CAN
SENSE WHERE TO FIND THAT IMPRINT
... WHEN I CAN GET BACK MY
FACE... AND TRICK **THEM**
INTO SEIZING SOMEONE
WHO'S **ALIVE!**

MINUTES LATER...AT NED'S HOME...

THAT SLAB OF CEMENT SHOULD HAVE HARDENED BY NOW, ANN! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

DON'T TAKE TOO LONG, DARLING! I FEEL JUMPY EVERY SECOND I'M ALONE!



THEN, AS NED'S FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT ALONG THE CORRIDOR ...



STEP BY STEP... WATCH...LISTEN! LISTEN... WATCH! YOUR PULSE WILL FADE...YOUR EYES GROW GLASSY...YOU WILL PLAY THE PART OF A WALKING CORPSE!



SUDDENLY...

ANN...I HEARD YOU SCREAM JUST AS I GOT UPSTAIRS! WHAT'S WRONG?



SHE'S IN A TRANCE! I DON'T LIKE THIS...AND I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THOSE PLODDING FOOTSTEPS ON THE FRONT PORCH!

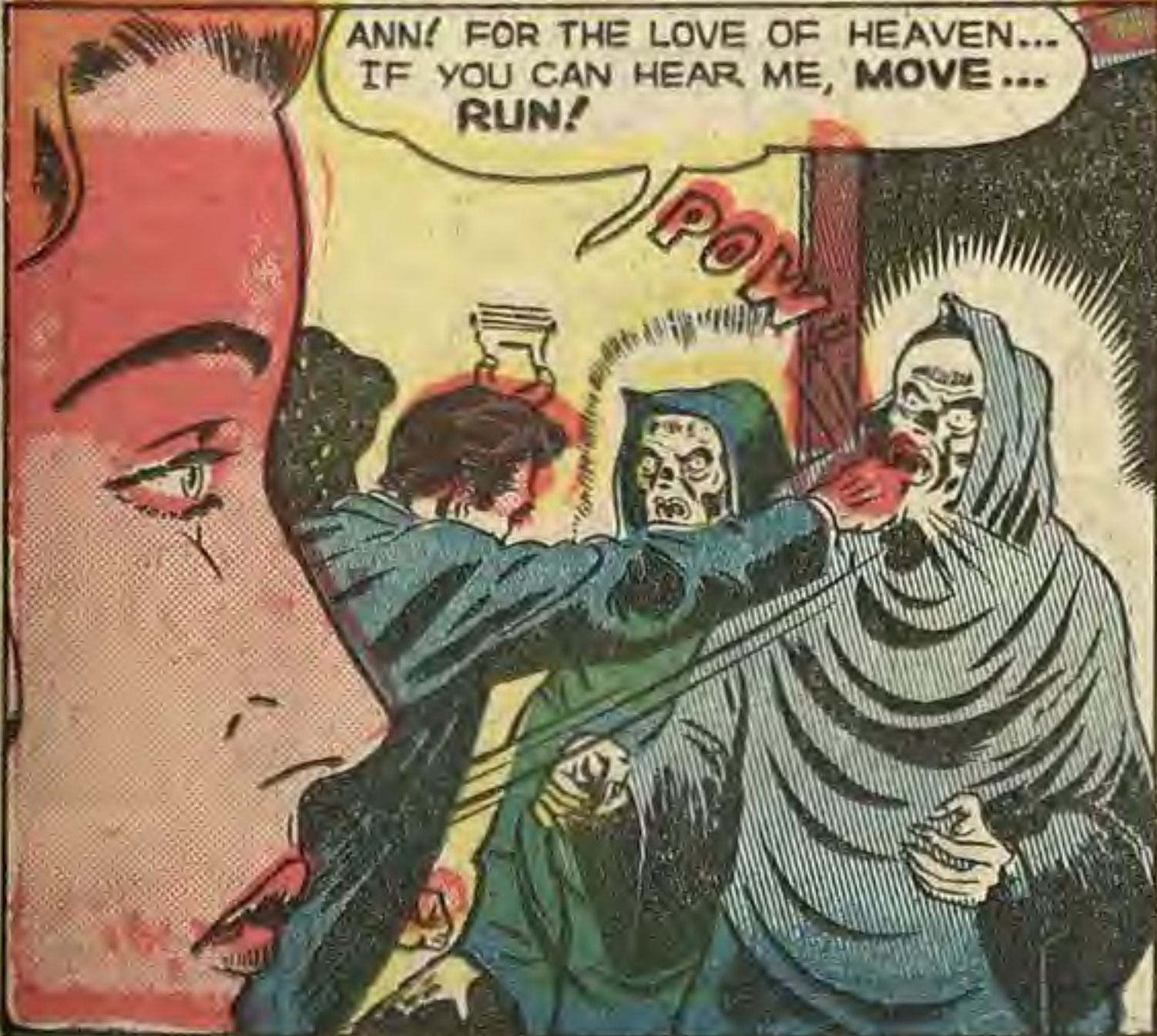


A CORPSE! I SAW HER...I CLAIM HER... SHE'S MINE!

GREAT GUNS!



ANN! FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN... IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, MOVE... RUN!



WHAM!



THEN...IN A JOSTLING RUSH OF HORROR...



AS THE UNDEAD FACE OFF WITH THEIR HELPLESS CAPTIVE...



A SECOND LATER...

YOU HAVEN'T GOT YOUR FACE YET, RAT! THIS TIME I'M GOING OUT THE WINDOW...AND MY CAR'S RIGHT BELOW!

FOOL! DO YOU THINK EVEN WALLS OF STEEL COULD WITHSTAND ME?

DEATH IS A GOOD DEAL CLOSER THAN YOUR CAR! BUT FIRST... I WANT THIS!

GOOD LORD... HE'S GOT BACK HIS FACE!

HA HA! THIS TIME I'LL KEEP IT... FOREVER!

CRASH!

ARE YOU SURE A REVOLTING MUSH LIKE THAT CAN STAND UP UNDER WEAR AND TEAR, BUB?

I TOLD YOU DEATH WAS CLOSE! BEFORE I LEAVE TO REGAIN CONTROL OVER THE BAND OF THE UNDEAD... YOU ARE GOING TO BE A **CORPSE**... A CORPSE I CAN SUMMON TO OUR MIDST TO **PROVE** MY MASTERY!

GO AHEAD, CREEP... BUT YOU'D BETTER EXPECT FAR MORE THAN A **CORPSE**!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? SPEAK... UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE STRANGLED **SLOWLY**!

I'VE GIVEN THE POLICE AN EXACT DESCRIPTION OF YOUR COSTUME... YOU'LL BE **WATCHED** FROM A HUNDRED DOORWAYS AND WINDOWS EVERY YARD OF THE WAY! MAYBE THEY **WON'T** BE ABLE TO KILL YOU WHEN THEY CLOSE IN... BUT THEY'LL KEEP YOU AND THE UNDEAD BESIEGED... UNTIL **SCIEN-TISTS** FIND A WAY TO DO IT!

SO THE POLICE EXPECT TO FIND ME SLINKING THROUGH THE STREETS, EH? BUT HOW MUCH WILL THEY NOTICE IF WE CHANGE CLOTHES... AND YOU **DRIVE** ME TO OUR MEETING PLACE?

I'M GETTING TIRED OF BEING PUSHED AROUND BY THIS HYENA, BUT HE'S TAKEN THE BAIT... EXACTLY AS I PLANNED!

GET IN! AND REMEMBER... I'LL BE SITTING RIGHT BEHIND YOU... MY HANDS WITHIN INCHES OF YOUR THROAT!

SOON AFTERWARD...WITH THE ZOMBIE'S LAIR
REARING ON A BROODING HILLTOP...

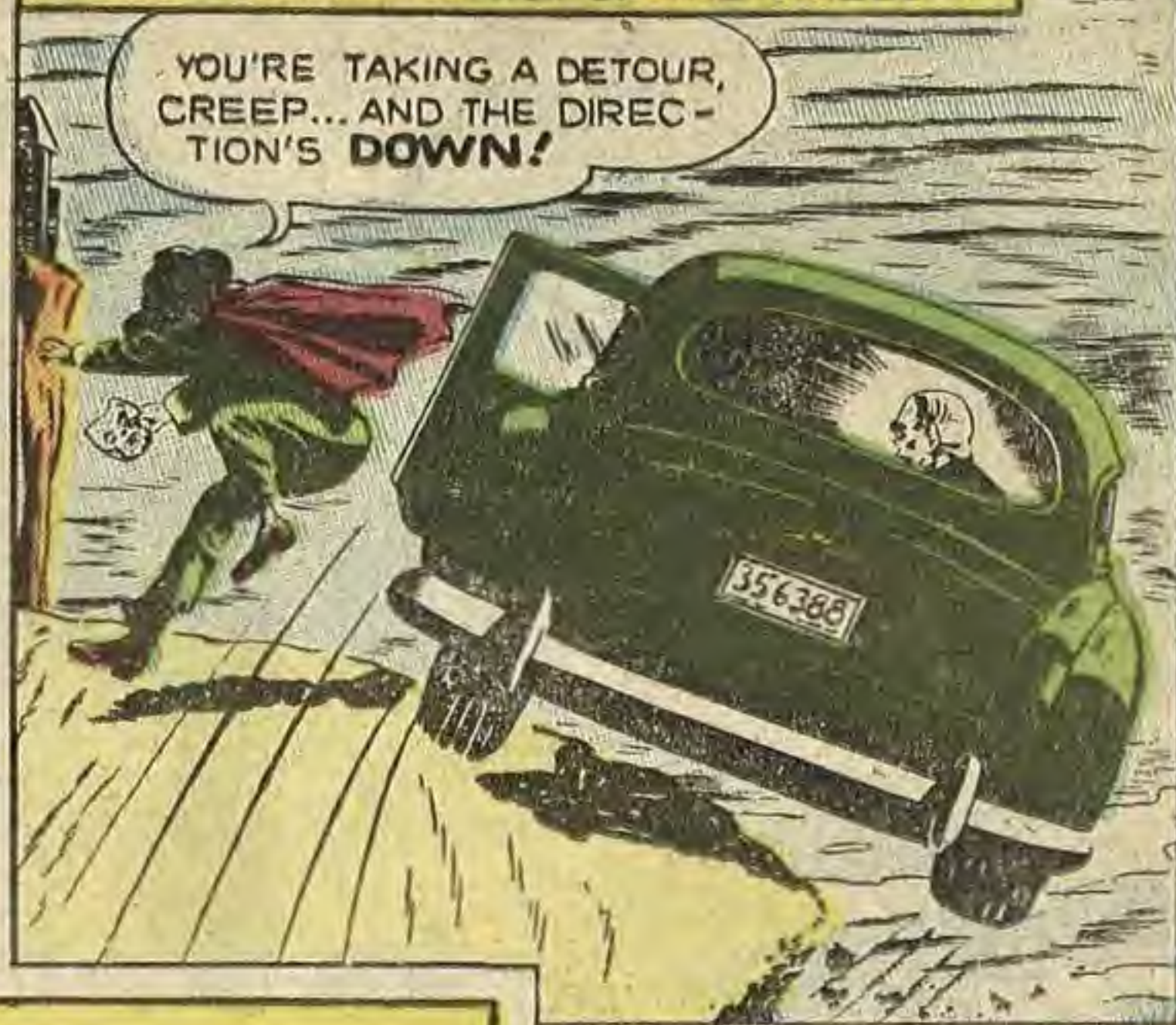
HAA...WHAT A DOUBLE SUR-
PRISE I HAVE IN STORE FOR
THE UNDEAD! I'VE GOT MY
FACE...AND ALL THEY'VE
GOT IN THEIR FRANTIC
BID FOR POWER
IS A GIRL WHO'S
ALIVE!

I'M WHIP-
PING OUT A FEW
SURPRISES, TOO
...AND I'D BET-
TER START
NOW!



WITH A SHARP WRENCH OF THE WHEEL...

YOU'RE TAKING A DETOUR,
CREEP...AND THE DIREC-
TION'S **DOWN!**



EVEN THAT CAN'T HARM A
ZOMBIE...BUT IT'LL GIVE ME
ANOTHER FEW MINUTES' LEE-
WAY! THE REST DEPENDS
ON LUCK... BUT THEY'RE
GOING TO BE MINUTES ANN
AND I WILL NEVER
FORGET!

CRASH!



MINUTES LATER...

SHE WILL MOVE WHEN
I TELL HER TO MOVE...
BECAUSE SHE
KNOWS WHO BROUGHT
HER TO THE RANKS
OF THE UNDEAD! I
AM THE ONE...I AM
THE LEADER...I
AM THE ZOMBIE!

I'VE RECOVERED
FROM MY TRANCE...
BUT I DON'T DARE
SHOW IT! IF THOSE
FIENDS DETECT
THE SLIGHTEST
SIGN OF LIFE...I'LL
BE TORN APART!



SUDDENLY...FROM THE
DARKENED DOORWAY...

HONEY, THIS IS ME... **NED!**
NO MATTER WHAT YOU
THINK YOU SEE...FOR
PETE'S SAKE, DON'T BUDGE
...UNTIL I CLAP MY
HANDS!



GRAVEYARD SPAWN!
WHEN YOU SPEAK
OF THE ZOMBIE...
YOU SPEAK OF
ME!

HIS FACE...
HIS FACE...
HE GOT IT
BACK AGAIN!



YOU UPSTART... YOU OUTCAST
FROM A MOLDERING COFFIN!
THE **NEXT** TIME YOU TRY
TO SEIZE POWER... I'LL
HAVE YOU TORN APART
BY WEREWOLVES!



YOU ARE THE MASTER... I WILL OBEY! BUT IF I AM STILL ONE OF THE UNDEAD... HOW COULD THE CORPSE HEAR MY SUMMONS... WHAT MADE THE CORPSE WALK?

BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN TRICKED... BY THE ONE SCIENTIST IN THE WORLD WHO CAN DESTROY US! THE GIRL'S A DECOY WHOSE SUBCONSCIOUS WILL IS LEADING HIM HERE... AND HE'LL BE ARRIVING ANY MOMENT... DISGUISED AS ME!

NO... NO! HOW CAN THERE BE A SUBCONSCIOUS WILL... IN A CORPSE?

THAT'S JUST IT, YOU HAREBRAINED HORRORS... SHE ISN'T A CORPSE! SHE'S MERELY HYPNOTIZED... AND ALIVE!

AWAKE FROM YOUR TRANCE! SHOW THESE UNBURIED DOGS THE FATAL BLUNDER THEY'VE MADE!

OH!

CLAP!

NOW SHE WILL DIE, ZOMBIE!

YES... WE WILL KILL THEM BOTH! I AM CLAIMING THE GIRL AS MINE... WHILE YOU PROVE YOUR WORTH BY SHOWING THE IMPOSTOR WHAT THE UNDEAD CAN DO! GIVE HIM NO CHANCE TO STRIKE... THE MOMENT HE ENTERS... REND HIM LIMB FROM LIMB!

SECONDS LATER...

YOU FOOLS... IS THIS THE WELCOME I GET? SPEAK... WHERE IS THE GIRL?

LISTEN, TRICKSTER! PERHAPS YOU WILL HEAR HER DEATH CRY... AN INSTANT BEFORE YOUR OWN RISES FROM YOUR THROTTLED THROAT!

STOP... STOP!

SCIENCE GAVE YOU OUR MASTER'S FACE, SWINDLER... BUT CAN IT SAVE YOUR LIFE?

AT THE HEIGHT OF THE GRISLY SPECTACLE

OH, NED! THEY'RE TEARING HIM APART... AND I HOPE I NEVER SEE ANYTHING MORE HIDEOUS THAN THAT!

YOU WOULD HAVE, HONEY... IF THAT MONSTER HAD BEEN PERMITTED TO SURVIVE!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE UNDEAD, NED... CAN ANYTHING STOP THEM?

THEY'RE FINISHED TOO, ANN... ALL OF THEM! WITH THE ZOMBIE DESTROYED, THE UNDEAD HAVE LOST THE POWER THAT RELEASED THEM FROM THE GRAVE... AND AT DAWN... THAT'S WHERE THEY'LL RETURN!

THE END!

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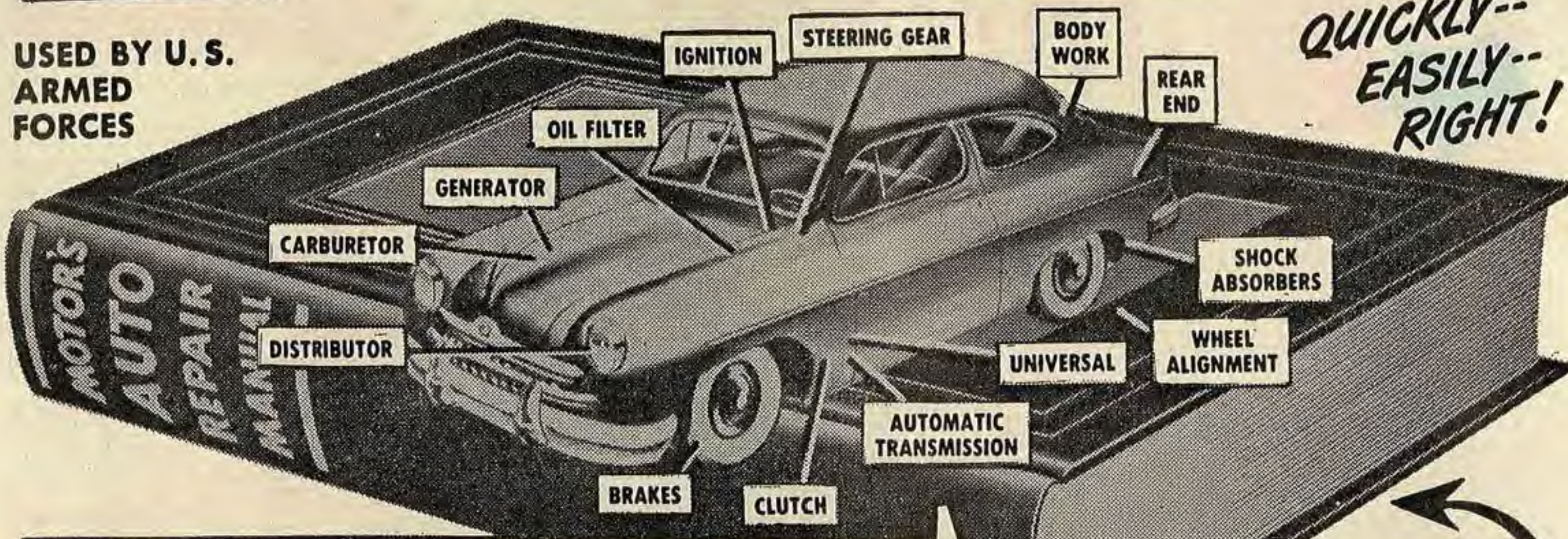
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